

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 5, 1973 60 CENTS

THE BLOODY GAME

SPORT HITS BROADWAY



1973 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight.

Riverside International Raceway's President, Les Richter, says its response and agility are spectacular for a car of its size.

Maybe you'll agree. Maybe you won't.

But if you're going to invest \$5,000 or more in a luxury car, and you drive a lot, shouldn't you test drive this one?



"Driving Southern California's freeways as much as I do puts special demands on a car. And in my work I take a car into all kinds of situations, even off the road. After 400 miles in three days, I found the Olds Ninety-Eight definitely superior to my expectations for an executive type car," commented Mr. Richter.

"Its handling and its roadability were most impressive. And the comfort it offers a man of my size is gratifying, to say the least."

To achieve such performance,

Oldsmobile builds the Ninety-Eight on a long, 127-inch wheelbase, with a suspension system expressly tailored to it. We feel a car priced \$5000 or more should be superior to ordinary cars—not only in conventional luxuries but in its driving satisfactions as well.

There are other cars that might be considered in Ninety-Eight's class. Most are more expensive. But we don't think they're any more car.

Oldsmobile.

Always a step ahead.



**The 1973 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight.
Drive it and draw your own conclusion.**



Who has the best policy for you?
New York Life believes there are some significant differences between life insurance companies.

Some people think that one life insurance company is pretty much like the next one. Similar policies. Similar services. Well, we don't agree, and it could be worth your while to read about the things that set New York Life apart.

First, ours is a mutual company. No stockholders. Dividends are paid only to our policyowners. And, we've paid a dividend every single year for well over a century. Yes, New York Life is long-established and one of the largest life insurance companies in the world. We have offices in every state, Canada and Puerto Rico.

But there's one thing more. You might call it an attitude or a philosophy. And it's summed up in the word "excellence."

To us, that means striving for the best possible performance at all times in the service of our policyowners. It means a constant effort to serve you well in every way, to fully live up to the trust you and your family place in us.

That's why New York Life Agents are so carefully selected and trained. In fact, they're so highly regarded by their clients that most of our new business comes from existing policyowners and from referrals.

We think that says a lot. Why not talk to your New York Life Agent soon — and see for yourself.

We guarantee tomorrow today.





Try the black comb test

Use a dandruff shampoo on Tuesday, and run a black comb through your hair on Thursday. If you see any flakes, maybe what you've got isn't ordinary dandruff.

Ask your doctor. Flaking, scaling and itching could be early signs of eczema, seborrhea or psoriasis...which is why ordinary dandruff shampoos may not relieve these symptoms.

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*Return unused portion to TEGRIN for full refund.

TEGRIN® Medicated Shampoo You get a free black comb in specially marked packages to prove it works.



Contents

MARCH 5, 1973 Volume 38, No. 9

Cover photograph by John Haynes

20 You Got To Have a Gimmick

To promote the sale of oil filters and homesties, 10 Superstars vie to be Superstars

24 Lee Returns To Ax a Forrest

Swinging away with borrowed clubs, Trevino wins the Jackie Gleason by eating down Forrest Fester

26 Poor Perry Passed the Buck

A year ago a millionaire unloaded a gipsy, unraced horse for \$1 to a vet. Result: a West Coast wonder

28 Up and Down and All Around

Albuquerque was strictly a one-balloon town. Then 128 of them came bob, bob, bobbing along

36 This Is It, for Heaven's Sake

Janet Lynn heads for the world figure skating championship filled with religious fervor

44 Racing Along a Dream Road

Is there somewhere the right plot of land and the right pile of money for Jackie's perfect circus?

66 An Ethic of Work and Play

In his new Broadway hit, Dramatist David Storey argues that sport and life are best at their extremes

The departments

13 Scorecard

63 Pro Basketball

50 Skiing

85 For the Record

55 College Basketball

86 19th Hole



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Credits on page 85

Next week

FACT AND FICTION flourish in spring training every year. For fact, we offer a rundown on the Chicago White Sox. For fiction, Novelist Philip Roth's star rookie, Gil Gameth.

WITH FAME already in hand, Chris Evert starts on the road to fortune as the plays for the first cash she can keep in a \$50,000 tournament in Fort Lauderdale. Joe Jans reports.

THE UPSIDE-DOWN world of aerobatics is the milieu of mild-mannered flut Mary Guffaney. Free spirit Coles Phony follows her career through its loopy course to the very top.



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—A Project HOPE nurse

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FOOTLOOSE

Why climb Specimen Mountain? Because of all the other things that are there

Climb the mountains and get their good tidings," naturalist John Muir wrote more than 100 years ago. "Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. . . . cares will drop off like autumn leaves."

True—if idealized—as this statement may be, it ignores some of the realities of mountain climbing, sore muscles, aching feet and burning lungs, to name a few. And because the discomforts invariably come before the rewards, many climbing novices never achieve the summit. Thus they miss the joys that make the sport what it is.

But 12,489-foot Specimen Mountain in Rocky Mountain National Park, Colo., is the beginner's dream. Its thrills come almost immediately; the climb is short and one can catch the climbing fever there after working up the most modest of sweats.

The route up Specimen begins at Poudre Lake in Miller Park, 10,758 feet high, and follows closely along the Continental Divide. The trail is steep at first, but the large

fir trees make good leaning posts, and through the short summer the floor of the forest abounds in snow buttercups and globeflowers, red crown, Indian paintbrush and Colorado blue columbine.

Timberline is less than a mile uptrail. Here the trees are stunted—best sticks with a few scraggly branches growing toward one side. Beyond them is the tundra, at around 11,500 feet, where the flowers are brilliant, though they rarely grow more than two inches high.

Specimen is an extinct volcano, but its real crater croded long ago. The jagged southwest slope is nicknamed the Crater and, looking down its spurs, climbers often see bighorn sheep drawn to salt deposits there. Elk frequent the slopes, and mule deer are fairly common in the woods. Wildlife on a small scale includes the golden-mantled ground squirrel, the pika and the marmot.

From the Crater the trail shoots straight up to a false summit at 12,269 feet. This is the roughest part, but the discomfort is alleviated by the view across the North Fork Valley to the Never Summer Mountains. From here the trail flattens out and the rocks seem actually to jump out of the way. This is because they are not really rocks but ptarmigan, grouse-like birds whose nat-

ural camouflage makes them invisible until they are almost underfoot. In winter they are completely white, while in summer they take on the color of surrounding rocks.

The last 220 feet to the summit are the steepest part of the climb. On both sides of the trail the drop-off is rather sudden, but the view is unobstructed. When climbers top out, they are confronted with a long narrow summit with Cache la Poudre Creek to the east and the North Fork of the Colorado to the west. It is a favorite picture-taking site, surrounded as it is by mountaintop spectacles: the Never Summits to the west, the Mummy Range and Long-Peak to the east and southeast, the Gore Range to the southwest and the Medicine Bow Range to the north, in Wyoming.

Catching a thunderstorm at the peak of Specimen is a singular adventure: it does not do to linger on top when the lightning begins. The wind blows at gale force and the rain comes down in great cold drops that may shortly turn to hail. Things look grim until a couple with two small children trudges past on the way up. Suddenly the going down seems almost gay and care does indeed drop away "like autumn leaves."

—KENT DANSEN

The people who are copying Heddon lures may fool the fisherman, but they can't fool the fish.



Heddon invented the lure. And we've been responsible for every major innovation in lures since 1897.

Heddon is the one everybody's trying to copy. But nobody's willing to put in all the little things we do. And it's the little things that add up to the kind of performance you get with a Heddon lure.

Ours have (1) stainless steel screw eyes and (2) screws, so if you see a rusty lure, it's not ours. Heddon lures have a (3) patented hanger system so there's no contest about whether you or the fish get to keep the lure. Heddon lures are (4) scientifically balanced to give perfect action. If it doesn't move like it's supposed to, it's a clever paint job, but it's not a Heddon lure. We use only (5) Mustad hooks imported from Norway, where a man's livelihood depends on a good hook. Next time you see what looks like a Heddon lure, look for all the little things. Or look for just one thing . . . (6) the Heddon name. It may not make much of a difference to you. But it will to the fish.

Heddon

It's all the little things we build in that keep the big ones from getting away.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



Anyone who has followed Senior Writer Coles Phinney's career may question the wisdom of avowing him to cover the first World Hot-Air Ballooning Championship (page 28). Not that Coles isn't knowledgeable on the subject, or lacks enthusiasm. When he talks about flying he tends to soar and swoop a bit himself, threatening at times to vanish over the horizon. No, the problem is that Coles and air don't mix, and there is ample evidence around Phinney's office to support this maxim: a smoke-blackened seat-belt buckle, a barograph chart graphically depicting a 4,200-foot fall, charred camera parts. And when Phinney is asked whether he has been involved in any as yet unreported aerial disasters—thus excluding the small-plane-into-a-clump-of-Georgia-pines one, the midair-crackup-of-two-light-planes-on-takeoff-from-a-Mexican-jungle-airstrip one, the parachuting-into-a-large-body-of-water—one-a-classified-mission one, and the 4,200-foot-drop-into-a-New-Jersey-barley-field-when-the-balloon-in-which-he-was-riding-burst one—he answers, "Well, I've scratched off two doubles, you know."

Eventually the meaning of this gnomie response becomes clear: not only has Phinney experienced all the aforementioned falls from the air, but twice in his 18 years as writer-photographer-editor for SI he has happened to cancel his reservations on flights that went

down in two-plane collisions. One of those crashes was in 1956 over the Grand Canyon, the other in 1961 over New York's East River.

For most anecdotalists, two brushes with spectacular death would be material enough. When Phinney tells the stories, however, he manages to work in many incidental disclosures: that he dropped the only three passes ever thrown to him at Harvard, that a great balloonist once chewed out a passenger for spitting in flight "because it changed the buoyancy," that there are 200 to 250 hot-air balloons in the United States today and two in Ireland and two in Finland ("I've got the figures right here"), and that the late Mike Todd could be an unmannerly man. Todd, who was inspired by a 1955 SI cover picture illustrating a Phinney ballooning story to include balloon sequences in *Around the World in Eighty Days*, once invited Coles to a big dinner party and then asked him—"right in the middle of the main course, we were through the shrimp"—to leave his seat—"right across from Lie Taylor, I had a great shot of her bosom, just missing the centerpiece"—and move down to the foot of the table to make room for a late-arriving "bald-headed Henry J. Kaiser."

Phinney figured he had made enough descents in his life already and was not about to be demoted at a table by Mike Todd. He walked out of the dinner.

In next week's issue, Phinney—to make the kind of narrative leap he is himself inclined to risk in conversation—will report on a feisty female in the world of aerobatics. This is a competition in which a small plane is flown through a vertiginous series of maneuvers. In six or so minutes of flying the pilot is right side up for only two. Like ballooning, it is a subject with the kind of ups and downs and ins and outs no body can get a better reading on than Phinney.

Sack Meyer



Modigliani's contemporary head shows the influence of ritual African masks

DID YOU KNOW...

- Africans spoke more than a thousand tongues, and had almost as many systems of behavior and belief.
- Africans practiced a kind of social welfare 2,000 years ago which provided for widows and orphans.
- From evidence of fossil skulls and bone fragments, it appears that Africa may have been the birthplace of mankind, almost 2 million years ago.
- Three insect villains were largely responsible for keeping Africa a dark unknown continent for many years: the anopheles mosquito, the tsetse fly, and locusts.



A Chief of Beba, richly robed for a festival honoring the Oba's father. In early times the Oba—a godlike absolute monarch—held many royal celebrations featuring human sacrifice



"Mouse oracle" used by Basile dyliens

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introduction to
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The ruins of Kilwa's Great Mosque, built by 12th and 13th century sultans

TIMBUKTU. The name lingers hauntingly, like some half-remembered adventure story from childhood. But Timbuktu was not a fiction. It was a fabulous African reality—the dazzling center of the sixteenth century empire of Songhai, intellectual capital of the Western Sudan. In a well-endowed university, scholars taught and wrote about history, religion, law and philosophy. And Timbuktu's thriving book trade was more profitable than any other kind of commerce.

Timbuktu is only a part of the story of African Kingdoms. Nearly two centuries ago, the city of Kumasi in the Ashanti kingdom boasted broad boulevards, a modern army, a complex trading bureaucracy, indoor plumbing. In Lalibela, thirteenth century capital of Ethiopia, devoted believers carved ten churches from solid rock and evidently had them adorned by artisans from Greece, Rome and Byzantium. On the Tassili plateau in the Sahara, the dry climate preserved fifteen thousand rock paintings—the world's greatest gallery of prehistoric art. The glittering port cities of Kilwa, Mombasa, Ma-

indi and Zanzibar awed early European explorers with their teeming and colorful life... their great temples, mosques and fortresses.

More noble than savage, more spiritual than pagan

African Kingdoms abounds in rich cultures—rich not only in material wealth, but in imaginative invention. Their myths, their interpretations of man's place in his world, are a blend of poetry and philosophy. More noble than savage, more spiritual than pagan, they expressed their feelings and beliefs with stunning virtuosity in their art, which was almost as necessary to them as food and water. The far-reaching influence of their sculpture can be seen today in the work of Picasso, Modigliani and other modern masters. Their music provided the well-springs for jazz.

African Kingdoms is brought to you by the Great Ages of Man... a series of superb books that "make learning a joy" as one enthusiastic reader put it. The text is by Basil Davidson, the distinguished British author of many books on



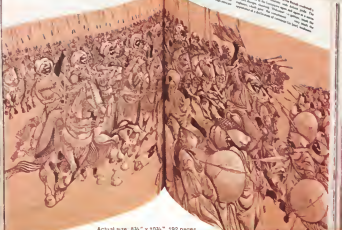
Old Testament figures Shadrach, Meshach and Abdenago
Part of a mural depicting Biblical episodes in
a church in Lalibela, Ethiopia

FERCE HORSEMEN OF BORNU

As noted by the British explorer, Sir Richard F. Burton, the ferocity of the Bornu horsemen was legendary. In the 19th century, they were the most powerful and feared warriors in the Sudan. The book contains a full-page illustration of a battle scene.

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Actual size: 6 1/4" x 10 1/4" 192 pages
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When your grandfather made this chair, he didn't get the legs quite even. The nick on the top is Uncle Joe throwing his choo choo at your mother. The cigarette burn on the arm is the night you were born. And those toothmarks around the bottom are the puppy you grew up with...long forgiven and now never to be forgotten.

Now that you're going to move this chair across the country, wouldn't you feel better knowing that the people who move it won't treat it like it looks?

Allied Van Lines.

We move families, not just furniture. **ALLIED VAN LINES**



Winter in Wausau...our character building season.

If you don't know the north country, let us tell you about this land where winter made its reputation.

Sure, we have our marshmallow days when the earth is plump with new snow. When it's fun to walk a logging road and read the history of the night imprinted on the trail.

But know, too, that up here, winter has its cutting edge. When the snow squeals beneath your boots and it's no time to put your tongue on the pump handle. When you can be lashed with a chill factor that freezes the tears on your cheeks and you can't really blame spring for postponing its trip north.

These are the days that pull people closer.

So if you run a business whose spirit has been shaped by 60 Wausau winters, you've got something to offer in the way of neighborly helpfulness and vigor and energy. Because our winters have a way of intensifying those qualities in people.

And if your business is serving people with insurance, those are pretty good qualities to offer. (And things to look for in your insurance carrier.)

At Employers of Wausau, our business is business insurance. Practically any kind that any kind of business could need. And in 228 offices across the country, good people with the Wausau spirit see to it that insurance works for a living. All year 'round. And in any climate.

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Wausau, Wisconsin



ERGONOMICS

Wilkinson applied the science of ergonomics to make a totally different kind of razor to help you shave closer with fewer nicks and cuts!

Ergonomics is the science of making tools, objects, and instruments compatible with the human body. To apply this science to the design of the Wilkinson BONDED Razor, Wilkinson studied the physiology of the hand, the structure of skin and beard, the topography of the face, conditioned responses in shaving and the shortcomings of the old double-edge razor.

Ergonomics told us blade angle must be precision set for closer shaves. Ergonomics told us edge exposure must be scientifically calibrated for protection from nicks and cuts. To achieve these ergonomic goals, we knew each chromed stainless edge had to be permanently positioned in its own shaving head. To do it, we created the Wilkinson BONDED Blade—the first of its kind in the history of shaving.

Ergonomics told us the BONDED Razor needs only a single superb chromed stainless edge to shave closer than the razor most men shave with.

With the Wilkinson BONDED you change blades, but you can't change the precision. Unlike old double-edge razors, there are no moving parts to cause misaligned blades, nicks and cuts.

The Wilkinson BONDED is more than just a razor, it is a totally different kind of shaving system in which the unique BONDED Blade is matched to a razor handle which is also the result of ergonomic study.

The handle is longer for better control. And flat-sided so you can position the head against your face without trial and error.

The head of the Wilkinson BONDED Razor is more compact than a double-edge razor. So you can shave under your nose and other hard-to-get-at places with more confidence and ease.

Is the Wilkinson BONDED Razor a better way to shave in theory only? Not at all. In rigidly supervised tests, against double-edge razors, the Wilkinson BONDED was proved superior for less irritation, for less pull or drag, for cleaner, closer shaves, with fewer nicks and cuts—superior in every category of shaving performance. In fact, the Wilkinson BONDED is so great an improvement, more than four million men have bought it.

Ergonomic design, BONDED Blade. The Wilkinson BONDED Razor may well be the most advanced shaving instrument you can buy.

**The Wilkinson
BONDED™ Razor.
A better way to shave.**



SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

POWER SHORTAGE

One of the sad things made evident in the latest bickering between baseball players and owners is the decline in status of Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, who seems now to be little more than an exalted public-relations man—and not a very successful one at that. A curious, even paradoxical, byproduct of Kuhn's abdication of executive control is the renaissance of the league presidents. A few years ago, soon after the apparently energetic Kuhn took over, it was accepted in baseball circles that league presidents were a dying species and would in time disappear, their offices becoming little more than administrative branches of the central baseball structure. But it seems to be working the other way round. The commissioner's office has less authority, while in matters of substance, like labor negotiations, Joe Cronin of the American League and Chub Feeney of the National appear to be playing far more influential roles than Kuhn.

The baseball commissioner's relative impotence is even more apparent when the National Football League's Pete Rozelle is considered. Even though he is a P.R. man at heart, the smooth, glib Rozelle runs pro football. If underneath it all he is an owner's man, he nonetheless makes forceful decisions from time to time that are not at all popular with some of his bosses. The most recent case in point is Rozelle's ruling that New Orleans Saints Owner John Mecom Jr. must pay his former general manager, Vic Schwenk, the profit that Schwenk would have realized had he exercised an option to buy and then sell a 5% share of the club. Mecom disputed Schwenk's claim to the option and the ex-general manager went to Rozelle, who said the evidence indicated "an agreement between Schwenk and Mecom on the essential terms" and ruled that Mecom should pay. Since the amount involved is said to be more than \$200,000, Mecom at first muttered something about

going to court but later said, "I have no comment on the matter."

It will be to Mecom's credit and pro football's, too, if the dispute is thus settled *in camera*, so to speak. What is the point of having a commissioner in the first place if he does not have authority and the right to exercise it?

GOLF MASTER

Byron Nelson, who won the New York Metropolitan Golf Writers' Gold Tee award this year for his services to golf, took his 61 years out to a par-3 course in Arizona last week and gave a small demonstration of the skills that made him the best in the world 30 years ago. It had been raining, but Nelson played the first six holes in 1-2-3-2-3-1 and finished the 18 in 46, eight under par.

JOHNSON RATINGS

Polls, particularly those staged by amateurs in the field, are risky things to lay much store by. Saying that, we hold by turn to one conducted by Sports Editor Chuck Johnson of the Milwaukee *Journal*. Johnson asked his readers to rate TV sports announcers, good and bad. When the mail subsided, 1,812 ballots had come to the paper, the greatest response the *Journal* had had since 2,500 readers wrote for free seeds two years ago. After the counting job was completed, the results were revealed to a waiting world.

The favorite play-by-play announcer, at least in Wisconsin, was Ray Scott. The fact that Scott for years did play-by-play for the Green Bay Packers might have had a little something to do with his nearly 2-to-1 margin over runner-up Keith Jackson. Curt Gowdy was a distant third, Chris Schenkel fourth.

In balloting for worst play-by-play announcer, Frank Gifford edged out a win over Lindsey Nelson, with Jack Buck and Jack Drees in a virtual tie for third. Schenkel was fifth.

As for color commentators, the fa-

vorite was Bill Russell, with Pat Summerall second. Tony Kubek, a Milwaukee boy, finished third, just ahead of the team of Howard Cosell and Don Meredith. Like Schenkel, Cosell and Meredith go both ways: they finished third in the voting for worst color commentators, though well behind Alex Hawkins and Tom Brookshier, who were a deceiving one-two.

Now, would you like to hear what *Journal* readers think of the seeds the paper sent them?

WAR OF THE RACKETS

Billie Jean King has turned down the challenge hurled at her by Bobby Riggs, the 55-year-old former U.S. men's champion, but Margaret Court, the Australian star, has picked it up. Now tennis fans are buzzing over the prospect of a three-set, \$10,000 showdown between the two. Riggs, who won at Wimbledon and Forest Hills 34 years ago, had told Mrs. King, "You insist that top women players provide a brand of tennis comparable to men. I challenge you to prove it. I con-



tend that you, the top woman tennis player in the world, not only cannot beat a top male player but that you can't beat me, a 55-year-old."

As far as tennis reputations are concerned, Riggs had little to lose. King a great deal, and her rejection of the challenge was justified. But Court, the No. 2 woman player in the world, is in a much better position to accept the challenge. The publicity, win or lose, can only help her.

Now the question is: if the match

continues

comes off, who will win? One tennis expert, about Riggs' age, says, "Bobby, no question about it. Court doesn't have a chance." Another, younger and perhaps more in tune with the women's movement, says, "Margaret would win, although I think it would be a good match. Riggs is in shape and he's a retriever. But Court has a big, powerful game and her shots would be too much for him."

CHALLENGE TO SEAGREN

Bob Seagren's triumph in the Superstar decathlon (page 29) did not impress a group of John Brodie fans around San Francisco. They say they are willing to give Seagren a chance to double his \$39,700 prize money in a winner-take-all duel with Brodie. "John was good enough to play professional golf and he is rated an 'A' club tennis player," said one Brodie backer. "He certainly could hold higher than the 131 that won in the Superstar contest. He was an all-league baseball player in high school." He contended Brodie could even beat Seagren in the 100-yard dash, supposedly the latter's best event. "If Dick Butkus chased him, Brodie could do the 100 in 9.3," said the confident backer. "Add gun runny and dominos to the competition and it would be no contest."

BILL FRANCHISE

It has become a cliché to refer to an outstanding player as "the franchise." This is hyperbole, of course. The Milwaukee Bucks, for example, really have more going for them than Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, although when Philadelphia says the same thing about the Phillies' Steve Carlton the nickname seems nearer the truth.

But before the year is out a new recruit to the professional ranks could be the franchise, or a substantial part of it. UCLA's Bill Walton, the country's outstanding college basketball player, could turn pro after this season. If the NBA's Philadelphia 76ers gain negotiating rights to Walton, it is rumored they will offer him a \$5 million deal that will net him \$2 million clear after taxes. The rival ABA is preparing something even more heady. The ABA wants to put a new team in Los Angeles, Walton's home base, and its representatives are supposedly ready to give the UCLA star 50% of the new franchise plus 50% off the

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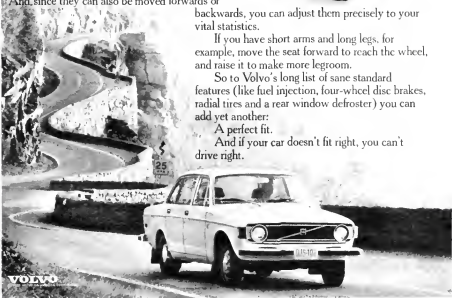
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top of gross gate receipts. Each ABA team would also contribute \$100,000 toward an immediate \$1 million cash bonus.

Adjectives like ridiculous, unbelievable, fantastic spring to mind, but when you recall that the Los Angeles Lakers are already paying a \$300,000 salary to Jerry West and substantially more than that to Wilt Chamberlain, the financial impact of a Walton-Los Angeles combination makes the proposal somewhat more rational.

RUFUS, OLLIE, JOE & CO.

Despite claims that Joe Frazier's style caused his downfall against George Foreman (Frazier would still beat Muhammad Ali, the arguments go, and Ali would beat Foreman and Foreman would beat Frazier again, all because of the disparity in style), his validity as a future challenger is very much in doubt. Evidence of Frazier's abrupt decline as a first-rank fighter is contained in a heavy-handed riddle now in circulation. What, asks the riddle, do Fred Ashew, Sylvester Dullaime, John Carroll, Cooke Wallace, Vernon Clay, Max Martinez, Bob Hazelton, Gary Wiler, Rufus Brasseil, Roger Russell, Boone Kirkman, Mel Turnbow, Charlie Boston, Stamford Harris, Vic Smith, Ollie Wilson, Clarence Boone, Murphy Goodwin, Ted Gublick, Terry Serrels and Joe Frazier have in common?

The answer: They are professional fighters who were knocked out in the first or second round by George Foreman.

QUAIL ARE BAD DRUNKS

In Bradford, England last week 11 Pakistani immigrants were found guilty of holding quail fights. Banned in England, quailfighting is a traditional sport in Pakistan. The normally uncontentious birds are fed brandy-coated birdseed to make them angry.

The only thing that is not clear is whether the quail get angry because there is brandy on their birdseed, or because there is birdseed in their brandy.

SOCCER TO 'EM

Those who insist that soccer popularity is slowly dying in Europe and that American football is the coming game there may have quite a few decades to wait before their prediction comes true, but when it comes they'll be ready. Lynn

Ashby, a Houston *Post* columnist, noting that U.S. businessmen plan to start a European football league in 1974, decided to help them by proposing names for the teams. "Most are obvious," Ashby wrote. "The Roman Gabriels, the London Bridges and the Moscow Mules. I personally like the Buda Pests, although Hungary might not. Then there are the Istan Bulls, the Venetian Blinds, the Brussels Sprouts, the Bergen Edgars and the Geneva Conventions. But the final stamp of approval for this new export to the Continent will be when there is grumbling along the Riviera when the Nice Guys finish last."

PRODUCT MIX

Howard Schnellenberger, new head coach of the Baltimore Colts, served 12 seasons as an assistant under Blanton Collier, Bear Bryant, George Allen and Don Shula, four of the most respected football coaches in the country. Asked routinely what he had learned from each of them, Schnellenberger answered in succinct specifics. What had he learned from the scholarly Collier? "Importance of fundamentals and technical stuff." From the personable Bryant? "Motivation." From the intense, single-minded Allen? "Determination, tenacity and a personal relationship with the players." From Super Bowl winner Shula? "The scope of the whole league and a great understanding of what's going on."

All he needs now are some players.

THEY SAID IT

- Marv Harshman, Washington basketball coach, on what it would take to beat UCLA: "A team that combines the talent of Minnesota and Houston, the enthusiasm of North Carolina and a couple of Notre Dame referees."
- Frank Lane, explaining why his Milwaukee Brewers did not make a trade at the winter baseball meetings: "We didn't want to weaken the rest of the league."
- Bill Russell, asked how he would have fared against Kareem Abdul-Jabbar: "Young man, you have the question backwards."
- Paul Richards, former major league player, manager and general manager, on the subject of baseball owners: "The owners aren't bad. They're dumb. Marvin Miller thinks about tomorrow. They think about yesterday."

END



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a picture of a Lion.
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PHOTO BY A. HARRIS

YOU GOT TO HAVE A GIMMICK

To boost the sales of oil filters and Florida homesites, 10 real Superstars valiantly competed in a not-so-real decathlon. The results were more ridiculous than sublime

by DAN LEVIN

They called them the Superstars, and last week they came to Rotonda, Fla., which is 40 miles south of Sarasota and, according to its Superlacks, is "not just a place to live, but rather, a way of life," to answer questions that somebody, somewhere, must have been asking. Like, can Joe Frazier outcycle Rod Laver? Or, who is the better bowler, Johnny Bench or Rod Gilbert? There were 10 Superstars, plus one Superstar Host, Ed McMahon, and 10 events to compete in—for a total of \$122,000 in prize money. When the two-day contest was over what lingered in one's mind was not that pole vaulter Bob Seagren had won or that John Unitas had lost but how all of them had played the games.

There were also the images, so familiar yet so strange. Unitas, for example, *running*—or almost—and no one chasing him, doing the 880 in well over four minutes. Or Unitas on the tennis court, belting Gilbert's serves out of bounds, and saying, "Well, gracious, I haven't done these things in years."

And, indelibly, there was Frazier—Joe Frazier, former heavyweight champion," the announcer kept saying, hurrying by the adjective. The spectators gazed sympathetically upon Joe, but he was all good humor, babyfacedTM everyone in sight. In the baseball-batting event he had a chance to win. All he needed was "one good hit. Grunt, whoof, whiff and he was out.

Weight lifting was to have been Joe's specialty, though. "I think I can lift

about 300 pounds," he said, and he probably could have yanked a Volkswagen out of a ditch. But at Rotonda there was a barbell on a stand, and Frazier's feet were out of position, his hands unevenly placed on the bar. He failed at 170 pounds, and when Seagren, who is 40 pounds lighter, raised the weight overhead Frazier looked puzzled. For the second time in a month—in a lifetime—he was wondering about his style.

Weight lifting was the turning point of the competition, the first of four victories for Seagren, and one that was clearly symbolic. Seagren was the only contestant who had proper form, the only one who had thoroughly prepared. Perhaps that was because he was also the only athlete at Rotonda who had never competed for money, and he needed a bunch. He was in fine shape—everyone knew that; his first pro track season was about to begin, and from the start he was the victim of some playful psyching. Before the opening ceremonies Bench said, "Someone's got to run with a torch, you know, so why not let Seagren do it. He can start in Miami." Peter Revson, the race-car driver, kept saying, "You know, Bob, I race every weekend for \$100,000. This is just pocket change to me," and Seagren's acre or so of white teeth kept flashing in nervous laughter. In tennis, his first event, he couldn't get a serve in against Bench, who said after gaining a 3-1 lead, "It's only money, Bob."

Bench, however, took a dim view of his own chances. "I can't run," he said.

"I can't play tennis or Ping-Pong, the doctor won't let me lift weights and I'll probably drown in the pool." Only 10 weeks had passed since his successful lung surgery, but no athlete at Rotonda worked closer to his limit of endurance. "I feel about as I have in past years," he said. "Well, maybe a little weaker on one side."

"Are you trying to prove something to yourself here?" he was asked.

"No," he said. "I never get that serious about anything but baseball."

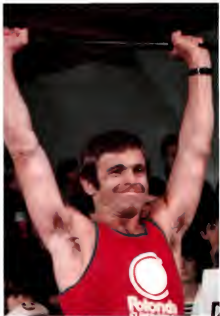
Nonetheless, out of shape and weighing in at 205 pounds, he ran a 2:33.3 half-mile to finish third behind Elvin Hayes and Seagren, the winner in 2:22.5.

The 6'9½" Hayes had the advantage of being nearly everywhere at once, at least in tennis and Ping-Pong. There was no ball he did not get to, but he could not handle Seagren's slice or Revson's placements in tennis and he also could not see very well. Four nights before he had knocked heads with Jim Barnett of Golden State and broken his nose, which was encased in a big white bandage. But he had to be there, as he put it, "To meet Rod Laver. I've always been a fan of his, the legendary Johnny Unitas and, especially, Joe Frazier."

Before the athletes arrived there was heavy betting—about the competition,

continued

Revson smugly lifted 340 pounds to tie for third. Killy shot an innocent 88—for nine holes—and came in last. Frazier and Laver grimly pedaled home fourth and second.



of course, and about Revson. Would he have a beautiful girl with him, or would he have two? Instead, Revson came alone, three days early, to work out. He said, "At 33 you don't learn to run overnight, and I don't feel like making an ass of myself on national TV. All I do in my sport is sit and cede-ordinate my feet with my hands." Gilbert, a pretty good tennis player, found that Revson must do something besides drive a car: Revson beat him 6-1 in the tennis final. And a lot of people would like to know what Revson eats for breakfast. He was in second place after the first day, following up his win in tennis with one in swimming. "I have a pool at my apartment," Revson said. "I walk by it all the time."

The thing about Jean-Claude Killy and Laver was that no one knew what to expect. Athletically, they seemed to be all there. Killy's sport requires preternatural nerves and reflexes, and Laver, isn't he the Rocket? The day before competition began he had beaten Roy Emerson in straight sets in Toronto. In Rotonda, Laver smiled often, his little blue eyes seeming to take in everything at once, but he spoke little. Killy spoke less. He seemed always to be gazing at a distant point, possibly aghast at being stuck for two days in a place that was both warm and flat.

According to the rules, Laver was barred from the tennis event, Bench from batting, bowler Jim Stefanch from bowling and Seagren, not altogether reasonably, from the 100-yard dash. Yet Laver could play table tennis. He said he had not done so in 10 years, but nowhere in the competition was there a greater sense of watching a master at work. He beat Killy 11-0 in the final.

"Be careful," Gilbert said to spectators along the fairway at the nine-hole golf event. "The Kid is known to be waahld." The Kid wasn't kidding. He had arrived at 7:30 a.m. from New York, where the Rangers had defeated the Islanders the night before. At 9 a.m. he grabbed a tennis racket, and went out to beat Untas. That afternoon he was part of a golfing threesome—Bench, Stefanch and The Waahld Kid. The gallery loved him. They called him Fifi, or Gilbert, as in filibert, and he got home on guts alone with a 52. Stefanch won with a 41; Bench was second with a 42.

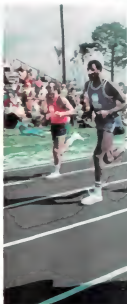
Ironically, the golf drew the week's biggest crowds. The developers of Ro-

tonda had not wanted to host "just another golf tournament," as Dick Button, the man who conceived of the Superstar decathlon way back in 1948, put it. That year Button won an Olympic gold medal in figure skating. He also won the Sullivan Award, given to the country's best amateur athlete, and, he recalls, "I was nonplussed. I was a terrible athlete." So Button had an idea: why not stage a competition to determine who the real athletes were? He got nowhere with it until a year ago when he had it presented to the makers of Fram Oil Filters, who agreed to underwrite half the sponsorship costs for the ABC-TV special, which was telecast last Sunday.

But no one, not even Button, claimed that the world's best athlete had been chosen at Rotonda. Publicity considerations precluded that. For one thing, the need for maximum TV appeal required that every major sport be represented, and basketball players, for example, or trackmen, are likely to be better athletes than bowlers. For another, big names were of paramount importance. And then there were the events, the implication that to be "great" an athlete must know how to bowl, swim and lift weights and play tennis, golf and Ping-Pong. The organizers wisely minimized this problem by requiring each entrant to compete in only seven of the 10 events, but still there were questions. Why table tennis and the 100-yard dash? Why not foul shooting and a round of archery or skeet?

A point system was used to keep track of standings and earnings—10 points for first, seven for second, etc., at \$300 per. This did create interest and even a bit of suspense, but the entertainment value was largely confined to ogling the celebrities.

The swimming event was the most amusing. Before his 50-meter heat Frazer said, "I can swim fine, as long as they got a shallow end and ropes so I can grab on." At one point Frazer—oh, it was unbelievable—was dog-paddling! Revson, Killy and Seagren had finished by the time Joe made his turn,



Stefanch's pitty-pat serves got him a 10th, while Gilbert's loping lone produced a 52, good for fourth. Revson, Hayes, Bench and Killy pound through 445, which Seagren won.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES SHANK

"Trouble staying in my lane?" he replied to a questioner. "I had trouble staying in the water." Frazier's unofficial time was 1:42.05. Seagren did 34.6, but in the 100-meter final he lost to Revson, who was caught in 1:18.2.

The bowling competition was held the first evening, and Stefanich said Bench should be the favorite as he was the only one who brought his own ball. Indeed, Bench won with a 131. But Frazier got the biggest hand when he knocked down a total of three pins with his first two balls. Earlier he had said, "Sure I can bowl. I just can't keep score."

The first day ended with Seagren's weight-lifting victory, and after five events he had 17 points to Revson's 20 and Bench's 21.

The second day began with baseball, in which each contestant got nine at bats. A hit beyond the infield was worth one point. Two, three and four points were awarded for drives over fences 250, 300 and 350 feet distant. Seagren had practiced for three days and that, together with his upper-body strength, helped him win with eight points. Stefanich and Gilbert tied for second.

Much of the interest in this event was created by the ABC-TV men. First they packed the crowd together to make it look larger, then they gave instructions about when to cheer. Once a child lifted a crayoned sign that read *AJC WE LOVE YOU*. A terrific groan went up. It was supposed to sound spontaneous. Apparently, it did not because it was not included on the TV show.

After Laver won the table tennis, Hayes took the 100 against a stiff wind in 11.5, with Killy second, Laver third, Revson fourth and Frazier last in 13.5. Seagren then won the half-mile run eased up by a huge margin, and the stage was set for the bicycle race.

The bikes were three-speed Columbias, and the Superstars looked like big children as they warmed up. Frazier went out fast in the first half-mile heat, with no thought of pace or tactics, and he won, getting a big hand.

Bench was in the second heat, but at the first turn his handlebars collapsed and he was unable to finish. He stomped off in a huff, but the officials let him ride another lap against the clock. Back he came, with little rest. He lost a few seconds when he started in the wrong gear and still only missed qualifying by eight-tenths of a second.

In the final Frazier started fast and confident again. He went way out front, but this was a mile, not a half. Seagren held back; he had planned his race. Just beyond the halfway point Frazier, wearing another of his puzzled expressions, began to fade. Seagren came on to win in 3:19.05. Laver was second, Killy third, and Frazier, in agony now from thigh cramps, had to be helped from the track.

The Superstars competition was over. Winner Seagren earned \$39,700. Killy was second (\$23,400), though he had taken no firsts. Laver and Revson tied for third, Bench was fifth and Frazier and Untas tied for last (\$3,600).

Before the bike race Killy had explained to Laver how to use the gears, and then Laver ungraciously beat him. "In bicycle racing there is a lot of technicality involved," Killy said. "I teach him how to shift, and then I can't catch him." But Killy was not angry. That was not the point of it all. It was how they played the games.

END

Superstar Seagren also won bowling.



LEE RETURNS TO AX A FORREST

After a series of lackluster performances in the West that had his fans wondering what was wrong, Lee Trevino went to Florida, borrowed himself a set of sticks and cut down young Forrest Frazier **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

It was hard to find Lee Trevino when the pro golf tour was out there in California and Arizona and Hawaii, while Jack was winning Bing's tournament and Aznar was taking Bob's, while Bruce Crampton swept Arizona and the

firm of Funseth, Schlee and Dickson snapped up three. But Lee was there, slashing around in the woods, getting off his gigs and gassing at some of the worst performances of his pro career.

Lee Trevino finishing 55th? Yep. The

same guy who does the aspirin and automobile and soft-drink commercials. The comic book character with the Mickey Mouse swing and Superman results. The fellow who sprouted quick like a mushroom about six years ago and began winning the U.S. and British Opens in the years Jack Nicklaus did not. Taught us that Mexicans do something besides take siestas in Hollywood Westerns. Made tattoos and Elvis Presley hair fashionable again. The Nemesus. Sam had Ben. Arnold had Jack. Jack had Lee. And still does, it seems.

People were reminded of all that last week near Fort Lauderdale, Fla., a zippy community where a lot of folks dress like advertisements and look as if they could fly youth fare. It was there, at the Jackie Gleason Inverrary National Airlines Classic, one of the richest tournaments and longest proper nouns on the pro golf tour, that after six weeks of looking like a guy fumbling with the apartment key while his telephone is ringing, Lee Trevino found his golf game again—with a borrowed set of clubs. He won the tournament and the \$52,000 first prize, but more important, his performance alerted the other tour giants that he was back from running with the grunions.

The Gleason also established Forrest Frazier as a phone book listing instead of the name of a national park. Poor Forrest. For three days he was the surprise of the tournament, even more scintillating than President Nixon's cameo appearance. A 23-year-old in his second tour year, he had to qualify for the Gleason, but once in he took a share of the first-round lead and, astonishingly enough, moved ahead on Friday, and more ahead on Saturday—three strokes, in fact. He had needed three tries at the TPD players' school before he could get out on the tour. Now he was telling a rapt press room audience that he has been playing well since growing a mustache. Sunday, as it had to, reality caught

Trevino had said that once the tour left the West, things were sure to start looking up.



up with Forrest. A missed four-footer at 17, a missed five-footer at 18, a buried head and a sob. But second place was worth \$29,640.

First place meant a lot more than money. Before the tournament began everyone was wondering if Trevino had a terminal case of bad grip or crooked arm. "I played with Lee a couple of times this year, and it seemed as if he was 25 feet from the hole all day," said Lanny Wadkins. "You can't score that way. For the last few years it's been mostly Trevino and Nicklaus. I think that's going to change. There are too many good young players out here. They have to win."

Well, maybe. Certainly Trevino had not worn golf's aspiring mod squad with his performance on the West Coast. In six tournaments he had shot only one round under 70 and won only pin money—\$13,500. Even at Tucson, where he had won twice before, he ended a distant 13th. Trevino's ninth-place finish in the Crosby was the best of a futile lot, and his scoring average was up over a stroke per round from last year, when he won the Vardon Trophy for the third straight time. Trevino was worried.

"He's tried beating it from so many different angles recently," said Cesar Sandoz, Lee's best friend on the tour. "I told him two weeks ago, 'Why don't you quit all this and just be Lee Trevino?' I think he needs to play less so that he wants to win when he does play. He just has to get hungry, that's all."

But after so many years of living with a growling stomach, Trevino has grown accustomed to feeling full. He estimates that last year he did 23 television commercials and took another 20 days to play exhibitions, plus merchandising clothing, golf club equipment and anything else that he could stamp with his sombrero trademark. "I don't like to leave anything on the table," Trevino said early last week. "I'd play two exhibitions a day if I could. Look, I could be parked at a red light, and a guy could run into my car and break my back, and it would be all over. I'm doing a lot of work on my game, but I'm not worried. I made it big. That outside stuff is getting in my way, but I'm making so much money that I can't stop. If I keep playing this way, it'll slow down the contracts, but when it gets to where they don't want me for the contracts, then I'll be able to practice and work on my

game. As long as they keep buggin' me, I like it. When my game goes sour, I'll play exhibitions for charity."

After breaking 70 in 12 of his last 21 rounds in 1972, Trevino had his clubs reshuffled, then stored them for a few weeks. "I figure I won over \$600,000 in 2½ years with those clubs, but when I picked them up at Christmas time they felt heavy to me. I thought it was because I had been sick."

As the 1973 tour moved along in California, Lee attributed his poor showing to his usual early season slump. He never has won a tournament on the West Coast and likes to joke that Calif. is short for Come and Live in Florida. Battling his game, he grew irascible. He gave up his daily two-mile run, figuring that the resulting loss of weight had affected his swing. Finally, out of frustration, he decided his clubs must be too heavy and he chopped some weight from them. When he was finished they looked like well-used tool bits.

Upon arriving at the Gleason, Trevino did not have a set of clubs he could call his own. He tried some new ones in the Wednesday pro-am, shot a 76, tossed them away and considered trying a set owned by one of the women pros. Then, late Wednesday afternoon, he experimented with a set that belonged to Sandoz. The clubs had the same flex shafts in them as the ones he had used for the last few years. Suddenly, in the twilight on the Inverrary practice tee, the old Trevino action was back. The ball was flying true. "How about this, huh . . . ch . . . huh?" Trevino yipped in his style. "Look at this."

Trevino went back to his room at a nearby golf course Wednesday night, put new grips on the clubs and was up at eight o'clock Thursday morning hitting practice balls for three hours on a range just outside his door. Then he hastened to the tournament for the opening round, and right away faced a challenge. Starting play on the 10th hole, Trevino had a second shot of 170 yards to a flag tucked behind a bunker, the wind in his face. It was the delicate type of shot that he had not been able to master all year. He hit a high fade, and the ball stopped 12 feet from the hole. "O.K., O.K., here I go," Trevino squealed to his caddie. "Looky here now, eh . . . huh."

The shot seemed to restore Trevino's confidence, the most important facet of any golfer's game. He made 13 birdies



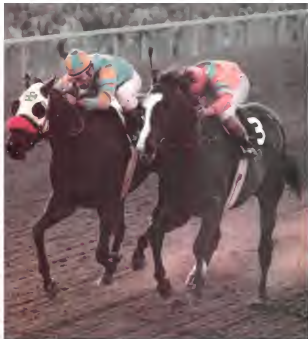
At the end Fozler bowed down to pressure.

in the first three rounds of the Gleason, posting three straight 69s. That put him in second place.

After each round Trevino hurried back to his living quarters for more practice. Long after dark he was still hitting balls, driving out onto the range in his car with his caddie to retrieve them by the illumination of the headlights. Then he would be up early the next morning for still more practice, trying to master the feel of his new clubs. He said he was still not as comfortable with them as he once felt with his old ones, but everything was improving day by day. By Sunday morning Lee Trevino felt certain he was ready to win.

Which he did, though in the old hunter's fashion of letting the other fellow's nerves do it for you. After rounds of 67-69-68 Forrest Fozler, mustache and all, could only manage a 76. Trevino's 72 was no pearl, but it was jewel enough to win.

END



POOR PERRY PASSED THE BUCK

His millionaire owner considered Crusading a flop and, in truth, he could not get around a track—until he was sold for \$1. Now he's a whiz

by WHITNEY TOWER

Kentucky Derby favorite Secretariat will be syndicated for \$6 million. Which makes it all the more ironic that one of the top racehorses in the land—a gelding named Crusading—was bought only a year ago for \$1.

Last Saturday in the \$83,150 San Antonio Stakes the 5-year-old bay, now owned by a veterinarian, James Temple, sought his sixth straight win and his ninth in 11 lifetime starts. Though it was six weeks since his last race and he had trained too lightly (he dislikes taking the slightest exercise in mud and Santa Anita has been a sea of slop recently), Crusading went off the 8-to-5 favorite of 40,000 fans. He charged alongside Kennedy Road as the field turned for home and duelled through the stretch, only to lose by a nose in a flailing finish. It is no longer just sentimentalism to rank Crusading among the favorites for the upcoming Santa Anita Handicap. He belongs with the best.

In 1968 at Kentucky's vaunted Claiborne Farm, the newly foaled Crusading



seemed to have excellent prospects. He was a son of Round Table and his dam was a stakes-winning daughter of Bold Ruler. He was also remarkably handsome. But the following year the colt turned into a rogue. "He became mean," declares Seth Hancock, whose late father owned the stud. "He was so rough to handle that two grooms quit."

That fall, however, when Trainer Jim Maloney visited Claiborne to choose a number of yearlings to race for Owner William Haggin Perry, the colt seemed a model of decorum. "I wasn't aware of his meanness," Maloney says. "In fact, Crusading was my first choice among all the horses. He was a good-looker and his dam, Terentia, had ability despite being unsound. She won \$125,000 for our stable. I thought Crusading would be a good one."

Pedance has paid off big for Trainer Pratt (left) and Owner Temple as Crusading (in blinkers at the San Antonio finish) battles with the best.

Almost immediately things went bad. Like his dam, Crusading became perpetually sore. The lameness would shift mysteriously from one leg to another, and on more than one occasion the steadily growing colt stumbled so badly he fell down. The horse could not be trained—it was too risky for an exercise rider to gallop him. So he went unraced at two. The next year he showed no sign of improving and, because he had become overly fat, was gelded.

When Jim Maloney shipped his stable East from Santa Anita in April 1971, Crusading was left behind. Dr. Temple, the stable's veterinarian, agreed to look after the horse. He took the gelding into the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains where he owns a six-acre ranch in Bradbury Estates. The vet turned Crusading out under the avocado trees with a motley group of ponies, mares and pensioners and set about solving his problems. "The infirmities were puzzling," Temple explains. "Not only would the soreness move from leg to leg, it would move from one part of a leg to another part. Operating on a sesamoid didn't solve anything. One day it would be a knee, the next time a foot. Tests showed he was having metabolic trouble. His calcium and phosphorous levels were way out of position, so I put him on high dosages of vitamins, proteins and amino acids. He received shots daily, and pretty soon he showed so much improvement that I began riding him around the ranch."

In July the horse was sent back to the track but he went wrong again. Thoroughly discouraged, Owner Perry suggested that Temple might be able to use Crusading as a saddle horse. The vet took the bay home and soon after had him exercising daily in a 65-foot ring. In December when Perry's stable arrived in California for the Santa Anita meeting, Temple returned his "saddle horse" to Trainer Maloney, apparently cured. But when Crusading flopped once more, this time just after New Year's, Perry was determined to get rid of his problem horse. And no one could blame him. Crusading was now four and still unraced.

On February 7, 1972, as Perry was standing in front of his barn, he heard a loud thump: Crusading had fallen in his stall walking from the hayrack to

the water bucket. "That did it," Perry recalls. "I turned to Jim Temple and said, 'You can have him for a dollar. That will make the sale legal.' Jim said he'd buy. The check went through my bookkeeper's office in Middleburg, Va., just like any other business dealing."

Continuing the series of shots, Temple turned over his purchase to a young horseman named Tommy Pratt. "I gave the horse nothing but slow works for a long, long time," says Pratt. "When I got him he was 100 pounds overweight. I thought if we could run him in a \$10,000 claiming race everyone could make a little profit. But one day I put Jockey Fernando Toro on him and said, 'Let's see what he'll do.' He went five-eighths of a mile in 58³/₄ [a clocking that would equal or better the record at some tracks]. I knew then that we had ourselves a race-horse." The bay made his first start at Hollywood Park in April 1972, won by four lengths, and has been off to the races since.

Now fully recovered from his severely anemic condition, Crusading is down to two vitamin shots each week and, with these, his metabolism level has remained fairly constant. Going into the San Antonio he had earned \$92,325. He had won the Palos Verdes Handicap at six furlongs and the San Carlos Handicap at seven furlongs, although the latter victory was achieved on the disqualification of Kennedy Road, who finished a nose in front in that race, too.

"Crusading took a lot of schooling," says Pratt. "He was so rough in the paddock and at the gate. Track officials gave me permission to work him between races, and this helped. As for the rest of his training, I'm in the position now to say it's easy to train a good horse. From the start, I taught Crusading how to race. I don't want any horse of mine busting off in front and running himself into the ground. If you don't know him, though, you might still think he's lame at times. He has a lame horse's habit of slinging his head up and down. His first two losses were our fault, not his. Once I ran him in flat shoes on the grass and that was a mistake. The other time the stable pony acted up and unsettled him on the way to the post."

Bill Perry seems to have few regrets about the bargain sale. "I have no sour feelings," he says. "I still own the mare,

and I have a full brother to Crusading in training in Ireland. I thought it would be nice to give Dr. Temple a horse to back around his ranch, but I'm delighted he's winning stakes with him instead."

Fortunately, the Perry stable, traditionally one of the strongest at Santa Anita, does not have a ranking handicapper in racing at the moment, thereby eliminating any chance of embarrassment. Crusading faced a field of six in the San Antonio, including in addition to his nemesis, Kennedy Road, the San Pegasus winner, Single Agent.

The gelding drew the outside post position, which Pratt considered unfortunate. Crusading would need a good start in the mile-and-an-eighth race, and the trouble is that for all his years, Temple's horse is still a relatively green performer. As Pratt feared, Crusading broke slowly. He ran wide into the first turn and was carried out still farther by other horses. The field was midway down the backstretch before Toro was able to ease the gelding close to the rail. In the far turn Crusading moved smartly toward the leaders, surging into second behind Kennedy Road. Roaring off the turn, the two horses moved into the stretch side by side. Track Announcer Terry Gilligan called Crusading in front near the eighth pole (but the official chart of the race never shows him on top). As they passed under the wire, it seemed not the width of a whip separated the two. But Kennedy Road eventually was declared the winner. "It was close close," said Pratt. "Being forced wide on the first turn took a little out of Crusading that he needed in the stretch." Toro declared that all those lost workouts also had hurt the horse.

If the skies are clear and Crusading is at his fittest on March 10, he will be a contender in the big handicap, which will draw the nation's best older horses—Cougar II, Bicker, Royal Owl and Quack, as well as Kennedy Road. In any case, the long-range forecast for Crusading is excellent. He has been so lightly raced that he should have many good seasons ahead of him. He could compete for years, until he, uh, dropped. But Dr. Temple regards his bargain fondly. "We'll only race Crusading until he loses interest," the vet says. Which seems fair. The doctor already has gotten his money's worth.

END

During a week of flitful weather in the dreary month just past, 128 hot-air balloonists descended on Albuquerque, turning the town into a kindergarten of delight. There were balloons everywhere. There were balloons way up high and there were balloons just over the rooftops, drifting this way and that. There were beautiful striped balloons and checkered balloons and red balloons and blue balloons and green and yellow balloons. There was a white balloon and even a black balloon.

All the balloonists had been invited to Albuquerque and, making the most of it, they dropped in everywhere. They landed in the streets and parking lots and schoolyards and shopping centers. They settled down on suburban lawns, on golf courses and ball fields. They visited the Navajo Indians on their reservation and they wandered down on the high mesa west of town and in the frosty mountains to the east. Several balloonists happened onto

restricted military land, where they were treated cordially and had their camera film developed (and inspected) without charge.

Never before have so many balloonists had such a free run of a town, and it is unlikely that as many will ever again. Certainly no city should try playing host to such a pack of gaudy drifters unless, like Albuquerque, it has a very plastic imagination and lots of elbowroom. Fifty of the balloonists came to enjoy a week of carnival and fly in minor competitions. The other 78 came hoping to emerge from the whole flurry as the first world champion hot-air balloonist. Before the four flights of the world championships began, 49 Americans competed in an elimination test to select four to represent the U.S. against 28 foreigners from 13 countries.

In the foreign field there were four Englishmen, four Swedes, three Canadians, three French, three Germans, three Belgians, one Finn, one Australian, one

continued

Albuquerque was a one-balloon town. Then they had a contest and 128 of them came bob, bob, babbling along **by COLES PHINIZY**

UP AND DOWN AND ALL AROUND





Swiss, one Dane and a Dutch lass. To round out the group in a sport where Irish luck counts for a lot, the Dublin Ballooning Club sent its entire fleet of balloons—both of them. The whole Italian fleet of one balloon also would have been on hand except that something filched it out of a Milan warehouse three weeks ago. The Italian pilot, a handsome 72-year-old lawyer named Franco Segre, competed nonetheless in a borrowed English envelope.

In a world saddled with superciliousness, competitive ballooning is a step backward in the right direction. By its nature it is a haphazard and happy game, a heady mixture of skill and blind, stumbling luck. A balloon pilot may be totally charged up with desire, ready to do or die for God, country and Yale, but he is still dependent on his balloon. There's the rub. There is no such thing as an inspired balloon. All hot-air balloons are fat, indolent clowns, bulging with indifference. They can be made to ascend and descend, but they never go anywhere on the level unless pushed by the wind. Balloons simply do not care.

Considering that his craft is barely tractable, how does a balloon pilot prove his skill in a meet? There are many mad-cap ways. Forty years ago, when there were fewer power lines, superhighways, airliners and other hazards, gas balloons often stayed aloft for two days and nights, stretching their luck to see who could go the farthest. In the old gasbag meets, the honors usually went to the crew who could best read the weather written in the clouds and had guts enough to throw their radio and everything else over the side to keep flying. Distance tests of short duration with a fixed altitude limit are possible in hot-air balloons today, but they prove little. In the few hours a hot-air balloon can fly, the weather rarely changes enough to test an expert. The winner is usually the man who gets to the altitude limit quickest and thus rides a fast wind for the longest time. In Europe hot-air balloons have fun with a reverse sort of distance test: seeing who can travel the least distance in a given time. In such a competition the balloonists try to hang low and look for dead air or counter winds that will take them anywhere but onward. No one on the ground is allowed to assist the pilot in his attempt to go nowhere, but the pilot is permitted to

drag a rope to reduce speed, and he may hang onto any tree until the irate landowner tells him to be off. European hot-air men often compete to see who can pick the greatest variety of leaves in flight, and to see who can dip up the most water without touching down. In England, where the terrain is accurately gridded yard by yard, balloonists try to see who can deviate the least—or deviate the most—from a prescribed heading on a chart. It does not matter how far a pilot travels in the event; he is judged only by his angle off the heading.

In the world meet at Albuquerque such events were not feasible. Compared to England, the open spaces of New Mexico have only been crudely gridded. To measure the deviations of 32 wandering balloonists accurately would have taken days, perhaps weeks. Collecting leaves or water also was out of the question. Once the wind carries a balloonist onto the arid flats around Albuquerque, there is not much water for the dipping or many leaves for the plucking. A balloonist leaning out of his basket to snatch at the sparse greenery on the desert floor, like as not, would get a handful of yucca spines. So to test skill as much as possible, the championship committee at Albuquerque decided on four events: one traditional game of hare and hounds and three barograph runs.

In hare and hounds a committee balloon leaves five minutes ahead, then the competitors take off in sequence and try to land where it lands. In such a game it is sometimes better to be first off after the hare and sometimes not. The pilot off early has the best chance of riding the same winds, but if the winds hold, then a pilot in the pack can watch his rivals and their shadows coursing over the ground—he has, in effect, a pack of trial balloons showing the conditions ahead.

First off, last off: in the whimsical winds of Albuquerque it mattered not. The committee balloon put down 12 miles from the start, near a road on the Isleta Indian reservation. The pursuing balloonists scattered far and wide. Some of them could have done about as well blindfolded. The air for miles about was filled with the soft roar of drowsy dragons at balloonists here, there and everywhere gave short blasts on their burners, hunting for wind at some level that would take them the right way. Half of

the pack landed more than two miles off the mark. Only nine came within half a mile of the hare. Commenting on his sorry performance, Dennis Floden, a Michigander who was to go on to win the world title, said, "As the Indians would put it, I landed many moons away."

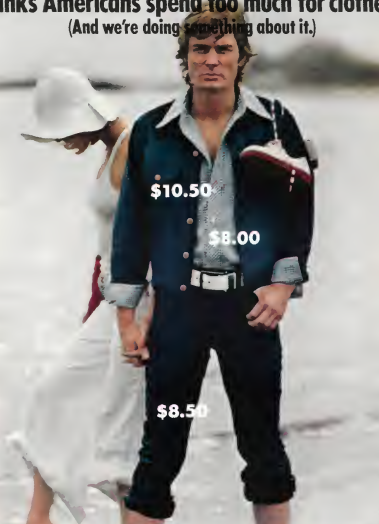
A West German, Arno Sieger, third to take off, landed 911 feet from the hare. Janne Balkedal of Sweden, 11th off, closed the gap to 849 feet. Peter Langford of Britain, off late and profiting somewhat from the navigational disasters preceding him, won the event by hating down 810 feet off the mark. Veikko Kaseva of Finland was the unluckiest wanderer of the lot. While Kaseva was sailing 3,500 feet above the ground, planning to drop in fast, his burner went out. In the 10 minutes that he fumbled vainly to re-light it, he was caught in rising air on the windward side of the Mariano Mountains. He rode flamelessly over the mountains and was dumped 50 miles from the target on a snowy slope studded with poison trees. Before he could deflate his fabric with frostbitten hands, the poisons had put more than 100 feet of gashes in it. It was the only serious damage of the whole meeting. The next worst came during a barograph run when Horst Kallenbach of West Germany knocked down a telephone line in Albuquerque. On hearing of Kallenbach's misplay, Kaseva said philosophically, "That's how it is. The Finns get lost in the woods and the Germans invade the towns."

On the first barograph run in the world meet, the pilots were required to fly in a horizontal track between 1,000 and 1,150 feet. On the second day they were expected to fly for prescribed periods at various levels from 1,000 to 2,000 feet. On the third run they were to fly at 1,000 feet and three times rise to 1,400 and descend as fast as possible back into the 1,000-foot track—jumping three invisible hurdles as it were. In all three tests they were docked points whenever the stylus of the barographs put on their balloons wandered outside the prescribed lines.

Since barographing tests a pilot's skill in vertical flight, where he has the most control over his willy-nilly balloon, surely it is a valid competition. But it is equally certain that 45 minutes of barographing on three consecutive days is too much of a good thing. After one day of it most of the Europeans were boggle-eyed and bored. Back home they are accus-

continued

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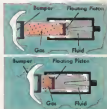
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somed to contending with hedgerows, windbreaks, stone walls, roads, chimneys, power lines, steeples, antennas and restricted air corridors. Much of their ballooning life is spent trying not to fly too low over little farms where they might stampede livestock and irritate the constabulary. So here they were in New Mexico, a multicolored VistaVision land of big sky, mountains and landing spots galore, and they were expected to keep their eyes fixed on the needle of a machine. Lieut. Terence Adams of the British navy—who finished fifth overall—summed up the general sentiment. “Ten minutes of staring at a barograph,” he said, “is about all I care for. Ballooning is a fun thing.”

The pilot who best epitomized the happy nature of the game was Michael Alexander, one of the Irishmen. Although he is a Dubliner, Alexander informed the press that he is currently employed as a tail gunner on a bread truck in Belfast. Halfway through the meet Alexander did not know or really care how he was doing until a reporter showed him the standings. After a fast glance at the list he shouted to his countryman, David Hooper. “I say, David,” he cried out. “All four of the Englishmen are ahead of us. That’s something to think about.” On the second barograph run, as if imbued with its master’s sudden fighting fervor, Alexander’s balloon, *Yellow Peril* overtook Britain’s *London Pride* at 1,000 feet and gave it a nudge. At the next pilot briefing, following a bacchanalian lunch, Alexander asked the committee to award him a bonus of 500 points for bashing an Englishman in mid-air. He didn’t get it.

Halfway through the last run, snow fell in Albuquerque, dashing the chances of two front-runners and giving other pilots hairy moments to remember. In visibility of less than 500 feet, as he rose 550 feet a minute to clear one of the imaginary “hurdles,” Per-Olof Anderson of Sweden passed 50 feet from Henry Vanderlinden of Belgium, who was descending at the same speed—a differential rate of 1,100 feet, enough to do them in. In the gusty, shivering winds preceding the snow, Peter Owens of Canada sought out a landing on an Albuquerque street, gauging his descent so he would just miss a tree and clear the top of a parked car. By the bad luck of it, someone in a school on the street saw the balloon low overhead and let the children out for a

better look. To avoid squashing some of the small fry and scooping up others in his dragging basket, Owens pulled his rip panel before he cleared the car. He missed the car by two feet and hit hard, with his fabric nearly collapsed, 10 yards ahead of the onrushing swarm. By the time he got his wits together he was drowning in a sea of children who, not realizing they had caused Owens considerable discomfort, wanted his autograph.

Arno Sieger, an engineer, was in second place going into the last run. When he cleared the first hurdle on the fourth day, he could not see the ground through the snow. After the second hurdle he had lost the ground at 1,000 feet and could hear helicopters whacking around him. Obedient to the rules of visual flight, he broke off and descended on a used-truck lot a quarter of a mile from the Holiday Inn, where he lodged. He hoped the committee would recognize that he was playing safe by the rules and score him only on the part he flew, but they did not. He lost all the points for 15 minutes of level flight and was docked a thousand for not flying the last hurdle. Sieger was a cinch for at least fifth place and ended up 16th. He could have filed a protest, but he did not. “I do not protest,” he explained, “because we fly balloons for fun.”

Just a year ago Albuquerque was a one-balloon town. No one then would have guessed that in so short a time it would become the ballooning capital of the world. That’s how it is with balloons. For all their size, they have a way of sneaking up on people. Bill Cutler, a native Albuquerquean who took second overall in the meet, has been flying some kind of machine all his life. Ten years ago when they could be had almost for the asking, Bill and his brother Sid—one of the meet organizers—got balloon licenses as a lark, but they did not buy a balloon until three years ago. The Cutler brothers first used their balloon as a giant centerpiece at a party in one of the hangars of their flying service. Then they started trying to fly it. And thus it was that hot-air ballooning came to Albuquerque. As one old citizen remembers, “After the Cutler boys got bit bad by the hot-air bug they infected the whole town.”

Bruce Constock, the U.S. champion who finished fourth at Albuquerque, was an inland sailor by avocation until one

day, while mowing his lawn, he saw a bright balloon in the sky. He chased it in his car out of curiosity and fell in love. Three years ago he quit the expensive sport of sailing and took up ballooning, which costs as much.

Dennis Floden, the Flint, Mich., insurance agent who overcame his haze and bounds embarrassment to finish fifth, second and first in the barograph events and win the world title going away, had 30 hours toward a private flying license in a Cessna 150 when he became ad-



VICTORIOUS FLODEN HAD THE HOT HANDS

dicted to ballooning. He has not been at the controls of a plane since.

In his college days at Michigan, Floden was an All-America swimmer, thus a reasonable authority on the value of serious and casual sport. “I have to be serious in the insurance business,” he says. “If I went into any sport as seriously, I wouldn’t have any relief, would I? Ballooning is tranquillity, an aereal dream of Walter Mitty. Kids today take drugs because they can’t handle problems, and their parents drink too much to escape. I fly a balloon.”

END

It is a January Saturday morning in Minnesota. Outside it is cold, and a gray prairie wind is blowing. But the expansive arena of the Metropolitan Sports Center in Bloomington is nearly celestial in its removal from the cruel real world. Clear light and serenity have settled into the empty ice palace. Transcendent music (Debussy? Brahms?) rises on its own wings up to the sunlike lights in the ceiling. On the rink, a universe below the highest seats, a couple of tiny figures glide, dip, practice lazily to the music. They seem remote, ethereal down there in this great oval void of 15,000 empty seats.

Now Janet Lynn Nowicki is walking along the top rim of the amphitheater. It is the perfect setting for her. Last night, more like an angel than a girl, she won the U.S. women's figure skating championship for the fifth year in a row. She was brilliant, radiant, unreal. Today she is dressed with morning-after realism: a black pea jacket, drab baggy jeans, low dark shoes. She is very

After 14 long years she is tired of it all, but with prayerful thought little Janet Lynn has trained to a keen edge and approaches the world championship full of religious fervor **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

THIS IS IT, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP LEONARD



short, not a bit willowy. She is looking more like Janet Lynn Nowacki, the 19-year-old dumpling daughter of an upstate Illinois druggist than like Janet Lynn, the graceful darling of international ice from London to Vienna to Leningrad.

Still, the face is that of the cherubic celebrity herself. The famed blonde bob is perhaps a bit limp, but the smile is fresh and sunny. There are the fine cheekbones, the almond hazel eyes, the short straight nose, the features of a Slavic angel—though with a touch of tension today. She is here in the heights of the skating era for an interview. She is congratulated on the brilliance of her championship performance and asked how she arrived at such perfection. She says,

"I had an inner peace last night, and I always skate very well when I have that."

The interviewer says, "Inner peace?" and Janet says casually, "The peace of God. Before I went out on the ice I prayed. I said, 'O K, Lord, You promised that if I asked for Your help You'd be with me. I'm asking You to keep Your promise, God.' And He did."

Janet's voice is matter-of-fact, girlish and mild, in no way evangelistic. She speaks about the Lord as if He were her pal. She is asked if she prays a lot and she replies, "Sure. Prayer is like a way of life with me. I pray a little every day, not just when I skate."

"Does God always tell you what to do?"

"He always wants to the last minute

to tell me what to do. But He usually tells me."

"Anything specific?"

"One thing specific, for sure: my being here now is only because of God. I didn't want to skate this year. I couldn't face it. After 14 years of serious skating I was tired. After the Olympics I was sick of it. I was bored and depressed. I almost quit for good this summer. One day I went to the rink. I was planning to work five or six hours. I stayed 10 minutes and went home and said, 'Mom, I can't do it.' I talked to my parents, my brothers and my pastor. I prayed to God about it. He said, 'Skate another year for me.' I said, 'O K, Lord, if You want me to skate, I will. But then I have to trust You every day to give me the strength every day because I am tired of it.' He promised. So I am here. But it is so hard and I am more depressed than I was before. I'm O K when I trust in God, but otherwise not. I used to be O K on my own, but now I have to have God and faith or I can't make it. It's so hard now."

The interviewer pauses then asks hesitantly, "Is God a good skater?"

The radiant smile flashes once again and Janet says with a giggle, "He must be. That sure wasn't our skating last night."

Janet Lynn Nowacki was 2½ years old when she was first put on skates, a round doll wobbling about and thumping down constantly. Her father, Florian Nowacki, a plain-talking, mild-looking, respected fellow, owns the gleaming Rexall pharmacy on North Main Street in Rockford, Ill. Speaking of those times before his child became a champion, he says, "The first day was on a pond in Southwest Chicago at a Cub Scout outing. She fell all the time, but she never cried, she always laughed. She never let anyone help her. And do you know, before we knew what happened, that little girl had taught herself to skate backward? In no time at all. So we put her in a skating class. Partly that was to help her get over her shyness. She had been in a dance class, but she was so bashful she'd just sit at her mother's feet and refuse to move around."

continued



AN OUTWARD FIXIE. Janet often finds it hard to withstand the constant demands of lessons.

"Skating was the thing for her. At 3 she passed up everybody in the children's class. At 3½ she had outskated a class of teen-agers. Oh, she was so little then. I remember the skating teacher asked the class to write a report about what they had learned. Janet didn't know how to write, so she brought in a tablet full of color crayon pictures.

"Now they always introduce me as Janet Lynn's father," Mr. Nowicki says. "I don't get tired of it, being called Mr. Lynn. I'm proud of it."

Mrs. Ethelene Nowicki is small and friendly, seemingly shy and seemingly a homebody—although she has traveled to more than two dozen countries as her daughter's adviser, chaperone, dietitian, costume seamstress and roommate. She recalls that when Janet was just 4 she had advanced beyond all class instruction and was taking private lessons in Chicago. Her skating was that of a mature young woman, her personality still that of a chubby little girl. "She was so shy. When they had ice shows or exhibitions, Janet would sit in the lobby, sobbing, crying her little heart out. She was terrified of going out in front of people. Then some little friend or her teacher would talk to her and coax her—and she would finally go on the ice. She always skated like a dream."

The shy child outgrew skating teacher after skating teacher in Chicago. She was 5 years old.

"We never pressed her," says Mr. Nowicki. "Janet wanted to skate more than anything else."

"What do you do," asks Mrs. Nowicki. "When all a little girl ever says is, 'I wanta skate, I wanta skate, I wanta skate?'"

One thing one does is to move the whole family—mother, father, two sons, two daughters plus grandfather—to a town near where there is a skating rink with lots of open ice and a fine young teacher. That is more than the action of a typical skating mother, as these driving ladies are called: the Nowickis feel it is the skating family way. And, as Mrs. Nowicki points out, "We had been looking around for a small town for the children, anyway."

The Wagon Wheel is a well-known resort in northern Illinois. It is a kind of

homespun Lincoln Log Grossinger's set amid cornfields instead of Catskills, and it is noted for its skating rink, which also is built of logs. The Wagon Wheel is equally well known for Slavka Kohout, Miss Kohout is a lithe and vibrant lady who is an exuberant and graceful skater. Though she never made the U.S. team during her prime in the '50s, she has coached, coached, coached and encouraged in Janet Lynn Nowicki the strong, balletic style that has affected the form of figure skaters all over the world.

In 1958 the Nowickis made a summer weekend visit to the Wagon Wheel and Janet skated with Miss Kohout. It was a match in heaven made.

A dazzled Mrs. Nowicki said to Miss Kohout, "Would you teach Janet?"

And a star-struck Miss Kohout said to Mrs. Nowicki, "Oh, would you let me?"

There began the grueling, loving, tender, hardhearted, expensive and successful affair of Kohout-Nowicki that would eventually create the brilliant skating ballerina named Janet Lynn.

The Nowicki girl was 7 when her last name disappeared from public view. "It was such a hard name for announcers and the press to get right," explains Miss Kohout. "I suggested it would be wise, in the interests of simplicity, to drop or shorten the name of Nowicki. Her mother said we could use just her first and middle names. She was such a petite, graceful little thing to be hauling around a big name like Nowicki."

Florian Nowicki says, "We did not discourage her dropping our last name. Janet Lynn came out nice and phonetic over public-address systems. We did it strictly for simplicity, not to glamorize her or anything like that. Yes, some Polish-American groups have asked about the un-Slavic name, but that doesn't bother me."

Slavka Kohout says, "There are people who are winners instinctively, and I think Janet showed that even when she was a little, little girl. I think now that perhaps I started her too early in serious competition, but she was that good! She had an animal grace. She had a sense of balance that was incredible, something innate that cannot be taught. And she

had character. I have never seen anyone with the *drive* of Janet. She had the two things no coach can put into a skater—superb balance and strong character. She's very driven."

Like many skaters, Janet Lynn has a weight problem. She has been on a rigid Weight Watchers diet for three years, and now for an occasional treat her mother fixes her Jell-O made from sugarless black raspberry soda. Janet's discipline is that of a Trappist monk. When she is in training she rarely stays up after 7:30 p.m. and she rises early to begin another endless day—six or seven hours of skating—on the rink. It is, she says, what she has wanted her life to be.

"I don't feel I have sacrificed so much," she says. "I had to mature faster than most, I guess. I wasn't able to hang onto my school friends and go right on into college like everyone else. But I have had dates since I was 14. I went to football games sometimes. I went to dances. Sometimes it was not like everyone else. Once when I was a sophomore I asked a boy to a Sadie Hawkins Day dance. When we got there I was terribly nervous. The reason was that I had to figure some way to tell him that I could only stay for 15 minutes. I had to go home then and sleep because I had to train the next day."

In 1961 Mr. Nowicki sold his half of the drugstore in Chicago and the whole family trooped to Rockford, which is about 14 miles from Rockton and the Wagon Wheel. There they bought a large stone ranch house, "only a shell," recalls Ethelene Nowicki, "and all the country around here was farm pasture." Today the Nowicki house is filled with lavish and tasteful furnishings and there is a swimming pool. All around on the former farm pasture are sprawling homes, none worth less than \$65,000—including the Nowickis'. Plainly it is a prosperous operation. Otherwise there would be no Janet Lynn.

The economies of figure skating include a welter of small and large costs, odd and complex bits and pieces of expenditure. They add up over the years.

"Look, I just don't like to talk about the expenses involved in this," says Mr. Nowicki. "It really might discourage other people who are trying to bring up a skating daughter."

continued



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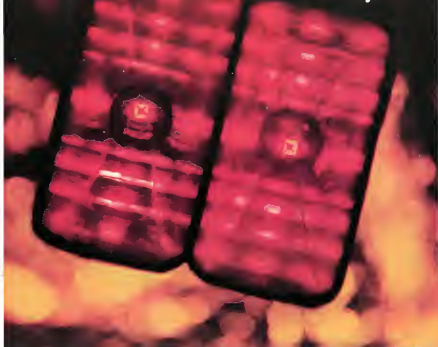


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Fair enough. Simple arithmetic shows there is no way to independently build a national champion skater for less than \$10,000 to \$12,000 a year during the peak seasons of top-class competition. It has also come to be a standard rule that no one can really hope to reach world-caliber class as a figure skater with less than 10 years (and more often close to 15) of intense and expensive training. Thus it is not outlandish to figure that it will cost roughly \$100,000 to turn one's darling dumpling daughter into a downright skating queen.

It costs about one half that much to become a brain surgeon.

And what might be the return to such a generous investment—in dollars and cents? It could be very, very good.

Sonja Henie, who won her first Olympic gold medal in 1928 at the age of 15, earned a splendid lifetime total of \$47.5 million in her shows and movies. That figure, it is said, is the most money ever earned by any athlete. Peggy Fleming's intricate and imaginative contract for a combination of NBC television shows and personal appearances is worth well over \$1 million.

A charming prize like Janet Lynn might get \$100,000 a year right now if she signed with an ice show. Mr. Nowicki says, "Janet will do whatever she wants in regard to an ice-show contract. We do not expect her to share her earnings with us. She won't be selfish, but we have never talked in terms of any repayments or of her sharing with us."

Janet says, "I really don't know what I will do. I don't think I could ever live without skating. But God will tell me what to do when the time comes."

Father says, "She talks some about becoming an evangelist. We have encouraged her to do her evangelizing on ice and kind of cool it in terms of real evangelizing for the time being."

"Never forget," says Slavka Kohout, "Janet is skating on two thin blades and with a heart full of fear. For a figure skater there is fear of falling, fear of failing, fear of the audience. When I think of the disciplines, the muscular control, the emotional stresses, the athletic demands in this sport, I wonder that anyone can do it."

Stresses, indeed. The dean of all figure skating experts is an ageless, charm-



DISGUISED IN EVERYDAY CLOTHES, THE SKATING QUEEN CONFERES WITH HER FATHER

ing Frenchman, Pierre Brunet, now well into his 70s, a statesmanlike figure as he stalks about the rink in his long maroon parka, bald and sharp-eyed as an eagle, the brilliant mentor of world champions Carol Heiss and Don Jackson. Brunet was a genius of a skater himself who with his wife won the pairs gold medal in the Olympics of 1928 and 1932. Today the old master coaches U.S. men's Champion Gordie McKellen and also trains Janet Lynn in school figures. He is a perceptive man who has never lost his awe of this most demanding athletic endeavor. "I do not think there is any other sport so difficult as figure skating. Average human beings cannot do it. It is the one complete sport. It uses the whole body. It requires equilibrium like it does for the balance beam in gymnastics. It requires a perfect ambidexterity. No other sport requires such ambidextrous performance as figure skating. You have to be able to spin like a top without falling and yet be athletic enough to jump like a gazelle and land on one foot—either foot—and not fall. You must have tight and precise control to draw the figures—the circle does not lie—and you must have the ability to skate like a ballet dancer to great music. You have only one chance before an audience. You must be perfect

in all this or you fail! Oh, yes, there is no sport that demands so much of a performer as figure skating."

Given the mathematical intricacies, the athletic profundities and the balletic artistry of the sport, Janet Lynn's record is a phenomenal thing.

She was 7 when she entered her first competition, the Midwestern juvenile ladies, and she finished 13th. The next year she won the Upper Great Lakes novice ladies title. When she was 12 she won the national junior championship; at 13 she competed as a senior lady and finished fourth. She was third in the U.S., ninth in the Olympics and ninth in the world championship when she was 14. She won her first U.S. championship and was fifth in the world at 15. She was first in the U.S. and sixth in the world at 16. She was first in the U.S. and fourth in the world at 17. And she was once more first in the U.S., third in the Olympics and third in the world last year.

And now at 19 this is her year, is it not? Quite possibly. In Bratislava, Czechoslovakia this week she is the favorite to win her first world gold medal. The 1972 champ, Austria's Trischa Schuba, has skated off into an ice-show career, and the top spot is now open. There are those who thought Janet might have done it before. Perhaps. But in world fig-

continued

ure skating one must be very, very patient, for the powers of this sport are as infamous for the follies of their judgment as for the political—and transparent—precompetition lies that are so common.

The best may win—or maybe not—in figure skating. Mrs. Nowicki says, "We have always told Janet that judges are human. One likes the kick of the foot one way, another likes it another. We've said to her not to skate for the medal but skate for the sport."

Slavka Kohout says, "I've never argued with the judging of any world champion. I don't think Janet has ever been judged off more than one place in all of her competitions. Figure skating judges rule on the complete skater, the complete event, not just one day or one performance. Until now Janet wasn't really ready. This is, I'd say, the first year she is really a top world competitor. She's emotionally and mentally mature now. She wasn't quite before. You can't put an old head on young shoulders, can you?"

Janet's rise or fall this week in Bratislava will probably come in her school figures, the most precise and drab event in almost all of sport. She has nearly always failed at this in major competitions in the past. Brunet says, "Janet's problem is lack of concentration. You cannot let go for one split second, not one. You cannot think of one thing else when you are doing figures. Understanding figures is not high-class geometry as some people think. It is a matter of perspective and balance. Some people have a gift for drawing circles, others don't. To do figures well you must concentrate only on figures for three hours a day, every day. A juggler does not learn to balance a plate on his head and toss a spoon into it from his mouth without full concentration and full days of practice. I've seen some improvement in Janet's concentration. But, whatever happens, remember the circle doesn't lie."

Janet Lynn's toughest competition for skating queen of the world this year is expected to be another lovely little blonde, Karen

Magnussen, 20, the Canadian women's champion and 1972 Olympic silver medalist. And another challenge may come from 15-year-old Dorothy Hamill, who finished second to Janet in the U.S. championships. As for Mrs. Magnussen, she is no genius at cutting the perfect circle, either, and her forte also is the freestyle. This year a third event—"compulsory freestyle," combining certain required movements with a dance program—has been added to the competition. This probably will offer a slight advantage to both Karen and Janet. Since 1970 in world, Olympic or North American competitions Karen has finished ahead of Janet five straight times. But this year Mrs. Lynn—and God—seems to be skating with divine excellence.

On a glum February morning, a week before she was to leave Illinois for Europe and final preparations there for the world competition, Janet Lynn was working at the Ice Palace of the Wagon Wheel. A dark rain beat down outside on snowless brown cornfields. Under the intense eyes of Pierre Brunet, Janet skated round and round the empty barnlike rink, dutifully doing her figures. The dazzling smile was missing, although her natural good looks brightened up the seedy rink a little. Her warmup stockings bugged and bare skin showed at her thighs, for they did not quite meet her dark blue skirt. Her appearance matched the surroundings: the Wagon Wheel Ice Palace is not quite fit for a queen. The light-blue chairs around the

rink were tattered, patched and taped, and a chicken-wire barrier strung up around the rink was broken and bent in several places. Here and there rain dripped through the ceiling, and a melancholy American flag hung limp over Janet's blonde head.

Again and again, her face as grim as the day, Janet drew her circles on the ice. Again and again Brunet examined the figures, explained to her the mistakes Janet frowned and said, "It doesn't feel right." Brunet said that it was right, and Janet went through it again and again.

In midmorning Slavka Kohout skated onto the rink, smiling and clowning. Janet said to Brunet, "Why don't you skate, too?" and he replied with a smile, "Ah, my my, why should I?" Mrs. Kohout flittered around them and said, "Ah, she just wants a distraction." Brunet drew a sunflower on the ice for Slavka to trace. She could not do it, and she said, "Well, mine is a tulip." At last Janet smiled, then finally she laughed.

The work began again and she fell back into a dense trance as she practiced her figures. Brunet had Slavka skate behind Janet and hold her leg in a certain position. Then Slavka balanced her by the hand. It went on and on.

At about 12:30 Janet hurtled into tears. With her head bowed, she glided to a bench to take off her skates. It had been too much, too much. She had had an argument at home that morning, the circles didn't work. She sat

bent over, looking very sad, much like a child, her eyes brimming with tears, for a few minutes. Then she composed herself and went off with Gordie McKelven to eat a light dinner's lunch of mushrooms and lettuce from a brown paper bag.

"This is her home," said Slavka Kohout quite calmly. "If she can't break down and let it out here, where in the world can she break down?" She has been doing this a long, long time, and there are ups and downs, patterns which she understands and which I understand. She will be fine this afternoon."



BROODING AND ALONE, SHE IS CARRIED ALONG BY DISCIPLINE



Ford Galaxie 500 4-Door Hardtop. Among options shown are vinyl insert body-side molding, vinyl roof, and Power Mini-vents Windows.



Ford LTD Brougham 2-Door Hardtop. Among options shown are a power-operated Sunroof, white sidewall steel-belted radial ply tires, and front cornering lamps.

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GOING RACING ALONG A DREAM ROAD

Somewhere in the world there is the right plot of land and the proper pile of money to build a road-racing circuit that is perfect for cars and drivers and, not least, for spectators. Then what better architect could be found than that lucid,



imaginative charger, Jackie Stewart? It is from his blueprints that the model pictured on these pages has sprung. A dream, true, but Stewart's production says much about what racing is today, and could become in the future.

BY JACKIE STEWART AND GWILYM S. BROWN

Everybody benefits from this gem of a road-racing course located in paradise. It provides the ultimate test of cars, the optimum test of drivers and the maximum thrills for spectators. They get to see it all. Arriving at this perfect goal calls for a lot of money, millions, and a new level of design. I don't know where the funds will be found, but I do have the plan. One must expand on those old familiar devices like esses and chicanes or closing radius and hair-pin turns and adopt a radical new racing theory. Call it brilliant compromise.

First of all, this dream course must possess certain physical characteristics. Most every country where cars are raced has the terrain. The circuit must be about four miles long to provide plenty of room for a sufficient variety of straightaways and turns. That much is basic. Two of the turns should be very fast, to be handled from roughly 150 to 170 mph in fourth or fifth gear. Two of the turns should be tight, slow, first-gear affairs. And then the course must have a couple of change-of-direction corners—real tank-slapper esse turns. Well-planned straights also are most important: any driver who has put himself and his car far out on the cutting edge in order to get through a difficult corner in the fastest possible time should not then have to throw it all away by getting hung up behind a slower car with no room to pass. Thus, each fast corner on the perfect course should be followed by a long straightaway. It starts to take shape.

Further, our magic racecourse should have hills, not just to give the place character and to provide more challenge to car and driver but to give spectators a clutch of high,

wide and panoramic viewing positions. All this plus an entire new approach to safety.

Safety is something I never just dream about. For years I have been actively campaigning for sharply increased efforts to achieve real safety in auto racing, and so I hardly need amplify on that subject—but the complete racecourse also is one that is as safe as can be.

Motor racing at its best is a well-integrated mixture of many technical and physical skills. It is difficult to separate the parts one from the other. But to my mind—speaking as a driver who is realistic rather than overwhelmed by modesty—the basic elements involved in this sport should rank in a certain order of importance. First, the engine. It must be quick and powerful, of course, but above all it must be reliable. A fantastic amount of money, brains and effort goes down the drain when an engine conks out in a race. Second, the tires. A set of tires that are durable, bite into the track, don't overheat and that react well under acceleration, high-speed braking and turning (or at least perform most of these chores reasonably well) will gain pre-

ciashboard

Pit area (above right) features spacious garaging for each car plus enclosed lounges and grandstands for those fans who prefer starting-grid and pit-stop racing action. Below, a close-up of Turn 9 shows the safest passing areas on straights (green), and where drivers must brake down entering corners (orange). Double-loop meander serves as both transportation to spectator areas (teal) and a rolling viewing platform

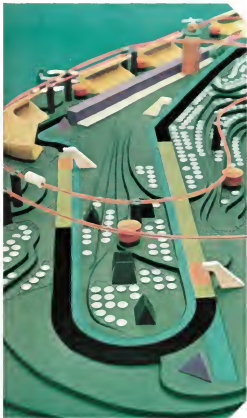


SCHE MODEL BY ASHUR LAMRAN

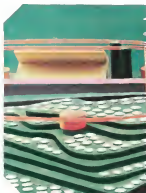
DREAM COURSE continued

cious seconds that cannot possibly be found elsewhere. Third, the driver. The most brilliant driver in the world is never going to overcome the handicap of the wrong tires or an unreliable engine. Fourth, the chassis. A good driver can make a bad chassis perform creditably, but even better chassis design is a blessing.

Of course, any suggestion that my rating order is a bit jumbled would appeal to my race driver's ego and professional pride and would make me quite happy. Perhaps my estate team manager-owner, Ken Tyrrell, would stress more emphatically the importance of the driver. Tyrrell



Overall view (above), with the course looping back inside itself, shows the circuit's compactness and the easy access to several spectating points. Service road (blue strip) is for use by fire, ambulance and crash crews. Nearby airport is for private planes and fast helicopter lift-off in emergencies. Grassy



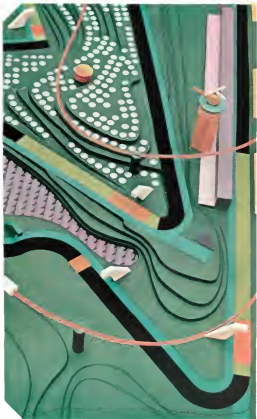


levels, such as those between Turns 6 and 7 (below) open up sweeping views. The start-finish straight and pits are at right, and each lap increases in Turns 9 and 10 (left), while on all sides the crowds may enjoy a variety of work facilities (the cylindrical towers) and rest rooms (pyramids).



might say that he must have a good driver above all else because a good driver can liaise all the elements involved in a race, can help sort out what would create the right tire compound or a fine chassis and often keep a temperamental engine running where a less experienced or talented driver would not. Possibly. But whatever the ranking in importance of engine, tires, driver and chassis, they each play a vital role in a big race production and no one element should be overstressed in relation to the other. To make any race a real test, stern demands must be made on all factors, and to achieve this balance is where the

catchword





fifth element, the dream racecourse, comes in. Only the perfect course can realistically provide the mechanical torture, force the compromise and, finally but vitally, be the stage and the amphitheater that puts this all forth in an entertaining package.

By torture I mean what should be done to the car and, hopefully, not the driver. What it means is that every component in the car should be stretched and tested to its limit.

Properly put together, the dream circuit applies these peak pressures to both car and driver. Nowadays, a race driver must be an absolute ensemble of skills to be successful. He must possess a cool temperament, be able to perform at peak ability the instant the starting flag drops. Fast on the straightaways? Of course. Able to reach the outer edge of his skill through the fast corners? Positively. Adroit in the slow, tight corners? Yes, even there. Able to maneuver swiftly in traffic? Certainly. A good course would demand it all. On our Grand Prix circuit these days there are drivers who do well only on very fast tracks—just on sheer guts. There are drivers who become competitive only on the so-called Mickey Mouse courses that feature an overabundance of slow, tight corners. There are drivers who can turn in super times on an empty track during trials but who are helpless when it comes to passing other cars in racing traffic.

Cars are just as complicated as drivers, the difference being that they are a shade less adaptable. A race car can be rigged, tuned and adjusted in advance to suit almost any particular course, especially if that course emphasizes one characteristic at the expense of another. A car set up to turn in maximum performance on short straights and tight turns, however, would probably prove an absolute washout on a circuit with long straights and fast corners. And that is another reason to create a course that will not permit any one-sided, overweighted adjustments. The car should be forced to handle every possible challenge, sacrificing a little here to gain an edge there. This is the brilliant compromise.

Finally, for the perfect circuit an imaginative attempt must be made to insure that the spectator wants for nothing within reason, either in the way of creature comforts or spots overlooking all the action. Fans should—at least—be able to get close to the race in perfect safety so that the cars look awesomely real and not like windup toys. Spectators should be able to find high vantage points from

which they can see several straights and corners. Finally, race followers should be provided with easy access to a number of varied points on the course so that they are not stuck for the duration into a single pocket where the action is nothing but a succession of colorful blurs and loud, barking screams.

Suppose that some very wise, very rich someone has now built the dream course (pick your own location). Imagine that the model pictured on these pages has suddenly blossomed into full size and glowing life and that we are seated in the cockpit of a Formula 1 racer as it hurtles at 180 mph down the 1,200-yard start-finish straightaway. The trip around the circuit might go something like this: Turn 1, a medium speed righthander. Touch the brakes 220 yards before the turn, gear down from fifth to second and quickly reduce the speed to under 100 mph to get through. Out of the turn and into the next straight, shift back up to third and stay in that gear through Turn 2, a medium speed left-right ess. We are now in the backstraight and passing a long, narrow lagoon on our right at about 150 mph. Turn 3, bending to the right, is taken very fast in fourth gear—and if we've done it well we can pass slower cars in the straight leading up to Turn 4. This is a toughy. It is a long, medium-fast downhill bend to the right that carries us onto a short straight and almost immediately into Turn 5, a right-hand hairpin that must be taken in first gear and is the lowest point on the course.

Start climbing back uphill again coming out of Turn 6, a second-gear bend to the left, then shift rapidly up through third to fourth as we repossess the lagoon from the other side. Continue to rise through Turn 7, a slow, tight first-gear corner, and hit the highest point of the course midway down the long straight that leads to Turn 8. From here we can see the pit area, main grandstands and start-finish straight below us to the right and the swarms of spectators ranged on the grassy slopes below us to the left. Through Turn 8, a fast left-hander, we hit about 160 mph and then begin a long, gradual descent through Turn 9 in third gear. This heads us into another straight and into Turn 10, our second ess bend, which pops us back once again onto the start-finish straight. It has been a very busy couple of minutes: we will have shifted gears about 20 times and hit the brake pedal perhaps seven times. We have had 12 opportunities to pass, either at speed or under braking, and all on just this single spin around the course. Do this another 49 times and the racing suddenly becomes the supersport of its potential.

Meanwhile, the spectators are comfortable, well informed, and their senses are well fed. They are watching from spacious open-air grandstands, tastefully appointed lounges near the pit, grid and garage area, from picnic spots on monitored, grassy hillsides. They are being transported overhead on a gliding monorail, looking down on the action. Given all this, I assure you, they will know it is a dream come true.

END

Racing signal lights flash from the marshalled towers (above left) spaced before each turn. Scoreboards, timers and public-address systems are housed in cylindrical building, which also contains a helicopter pad, administration offices and medical center. A cutaway of the racing surface (left) shows flanking drainage strips and corrugated shoulders, retaining walls, service road and a debris barrier fence to protect spectators

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Slushing through Dixie

Agreed, Beech Mountain is not exactly an Alp, but a few blasts from the big North Carolina snowmaking guns mean the race will go on

All skiers know that their sport has its basics: mountains and snow, to start with. And that winter carnivals are the sort of activity one has to stage at, say, Dartmouth or Quebec. Therefore, it follows that anything called the Snow Carnival of the South, in Beech Mountain, N.C., has got to be a disaster. After all, it's not nice to fool Mother Nature.

Well, all this might have been true once, when snow mainly came from the sky, but sometime recently, while nobody up North was paying attention, snowmaking guns reached the size of howitzers and—*whoosh!*—skiing has come to the Southland.

There was Beech Mountain, right where it has always been, amid the Blue Ridge Mountains in the northwest corner of North Carolina—just south of Virginia and east of Tennessee. It not only served for the third year as a stop for skiing's pro tour (Killy and Sabich *et al.*), but for the fifth straight year as the setting for the pleasantly low-key Southern Intercollegiate Ski Championships. And the festivities demonstrated that the sport has now begun to fight the likes of golf and tennis for attention on college campuses from Fairfax, Va. to Tallahassee, Fla. Well, sort of fight.

The Southern Intercollegiate is the snow baby of Dr. H.C. Evans Jr., president of Lees-McRae College in Banner Elk, N.C., a town located at the foot of Beech Mountain. In addition to the 650-student coed junior college, Banner Elk features one traffic light, one cinema and three gas stations. For recreation you take what you can get around Banner Elk and improvise the rest, which explains why skiing has been a popular activity on the campus since the founding of a club called "Clan Skiing Zero" in the early 1930s.

The sport rose well above zero level in 1962 when the first area skiing facility opened just outside nearby Boone, N.C. After that it seemed natural to make skiing a part of the physical ed-

ucation program at Lees-McRae during the winter of 1967-68, when Beech Mountain opened, and now 450 members of the student body—that is 70%—take skiing for academic credit.

Despite the fact that a surprising amount of snow can fall on the Southland—and has this winter—the many ski complexes that have opened in Dixie during the last few years depend on snowmaking equipment for survival. Beech Mountain, with a vertical drop of about 800 feet, a longest run of just over a mile and a half and no slope that could really be assigned an expert rating, is hardly a threat to the Rockies. Still, it is the best ski resort in the South and its ability to make artificial snow may be unsurpassed anywhere in the world. It has 85 conventionally sized snow guns, plus two 12-nozzle Hedco snowmakers that look as big as jet engines. No need to wait for storms: anytime the temperature dips into the mid-20s the resort can keep its five miles of trails and slopes completely blanketed with snow. Two days before the pros were ready to race there this February the mountain offered a mud-grass-and-ice look that bespoke spring thaw more than winter carnival. Then the mercury fell, the snowmaking equipment was turned on and by the weekend the pros and 7,000 recreational visitors had a thick blanket of firmly packed snow.

When the college crowd arrived for the Southern Intercollegiate the weather had turned warm again, but plenty of snow remained. The entry list for the two-day slalom and downhill competition included 32 men and six women from 11 schools and, despite its Southern locale, the meet seemed to shape up as an old-fashioned duel of North against South.

"Practically all of the hotshot skiers at Southern schools are former junior racers from the North," explained John Chandler, a native Tennessean and a pretty hot skier himself. He was com-

peting for the University of Tennessee Snow Ski Club, which claims the surprising total of 700 members, most of whom do their schussing on a modest hill in nearby Gatlinburg. "Us Southern boys aren't nearly as smooth as they are, but we can still get there pretty quick."

The two-man Vol team of Chandler and Bill Akers was homegrown, but the four-man group from the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn. included a skier raised in New Jersey and Long Island, another from Minnesota and one from Shelburne, Vt. The top skier from Florida State in Tallahassee was Ray Runyan, originally from Wilton, Conn. The Clemson ski team, representing a 45-member club founded last year by Erik Rhodin of Bronxville, N.Y., included Rhodin, Paul Aaron of Gloversville, N.Y., Mark Bishop, a slim sophomore from Pittsfield, Mass. who won the combined title in 1972, and a German from Stuttgart whose name, Wolfgang Funk, aroused suspicions that he was racing under a pseudonym and might be a renegade from his country's national ski team. If so, Wolfgang was cooling it.

"At home I play mostly soccer and run track," said Wolfgang, who came to Clemson last year. "No ski racing for three years and now I find myself doing it down here. Doesn't make sense, no?"

The competition was pure corn pone: instead of totaling the times of two heats, as is usual, only the best time counted. A skier could therefore rise up from a wipeout in the first heat and try again in the second. The skier who compiled the fastest total time in the slalom and downhill was declared the individual champion. The team trophy went to the school whose two fastest skiers posted the lowest combined average.

The slalom was run through a 25-gate, 400-yard course set up over Beech Mountain's Shawnee-Chute, where the chief difficulty is a generous dappling of moguls. Tennessee's Akers, shoulder-length hair streaming out from beneath his wool cap, took the first-day individual lead with a best slalom heat of 28 seconds flat. But Clemson, with Bishop finishing third in 28.4 and Wolfgang Funk fourth at 28.8, led Tennessee in the team event because Chandler could do no better than 31.2. "It will have to be flat out in the downhill tomorrow," he said.

But tomorrow dawned more out flat than flat out. By race time billows of fog were rolling down the Shawnee-Chute, obscuring most of the course, and a chilling rain had transformed the laboriously crafted snow into heaps of slush. Meanwhile, a gusty wind began to sweep gate poles and flags off the course and into the bordering woods. Only a sturdy half dozen or so officials and gatekeepers turned up for the downhill event. Two Lees-McRae coeds were drafted to serve as official gatekeepers on the 15-gate course—although they weren't quite sure what that duty entailed. On the sidelines, two racer parents, one sister and the girl friend of the lone skier from Maryville College filled out the cheering section. The girl friend, shivering and wet, stayed only long enough to see her guy come ghosting past early in the second heat. Then things got worse. By the time the second heat was half over only the faithful parents were left as spectators—the last hurrah—and many of the red and blue poles were either missing altogether or had been knocked and scattered over the course.

Happily, Clemson had pretty much wrapped up the team title in the first heat, but Bishop needed to make up eight-tenths of a second to catch Tennessee's Akers for the individual crown. Somewhere up there he started. Then, long after he was due at the finish line, he suddenly came gliding gently out of the fog and stared at the puzzled officials and timers huddled silently around the scoring table. "Hey," he asked. "What's happened to all the gatekeepers? No one's up there to put the poles back in."

So many of the gates had been missing that Bishop was given another final run. But it was no use. He could not make up the margin on the slushy course and he finished third behind two Southerners, Akers and Mike Fisher, a Charlottesville, Va. native who attends Appalachian State.

"I was kind of relieved when I came South and figured my ski-racing days were over," said a bemused Bishop, who majors in forestry. "The hotshots around home were just too tough. I was pretty surprised to learn that Clemson had a ski club, but I signed up to race because I figured the pressure wouldn't be too much. Now look. The hotshots are turning up down here."

END

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The center is 6' 10". The forward is 6' 10". The guard is 6' 9". The coach waves a red polka-dot towel and breaks out a comb to neatén his wavy locks during time-outs. The co-captain is a television celebrity. The team leads the NCAA in spararounds, carlieues, throw-aways, mis-ups, turnovers, Brillo-inspired hair arrangements and YMBJ defense (as in You Must Be Joking). It plays inside an electric-red pavilion and in front of a live golden cougar. Annually, it is college basketball's brightest circus. Guess who?

Say Houston and you win a brand-new belted, vented, pleated, epauletted, graphed and check-, windowpaneled, autographed and embroidered sport coat in 37 different brilliant shades from the wardrobe of Coach Guy V. Lewis himself. That goes along with an all-expense-paid trip to the nearest padded cell, which lately has seemed more of a necessity than a luxury for those watching Lewis' evening crew of towering athletes. In taking 20 of their 23 games this season, they have scored 74 points in one half, pulled in 38 rebounds in one game and committed 38 turnovers in another.

As invitations go out to the NCAA tournament this week, Houston will be at the top of the list of independents, prepared to enter the playoffs for the eighth time in the last nine years. The Cougars are about as good a bet as UCLA to appear in the showdown of the final four late this month because they have only to win a first-round game at Wichita in order to get back home to Hofheinz Pavilion, where they will host the Midwest Regionals.

It is in the scarlet Hofheinz—a unique, parabola-slung hothbox of an auditorium with a deceptive ceiling that appears to barely clear the nearest Afro—where opponents really see red. In Hofheinz nose and flying objects compete for equal time; Shasta, the cougar, snaps and snarls; and Houston wins—57 of 58 times in the past four years. It was in Hofheinz last week that the Cougars renewed their young but bitter rivalry with Jacksonville by stunning the Dolphins with a final shut and then knocking them out with a clock that nullified the visitors' own final shot. It was a savage and unmitigated affair that Houston won 76-75 when Jerry (The Judge) Bonney

Big break for The Big Bunch

threw in a one-hander with four seconds left. No more than six points had separated the teams all evening and Jacksonville was not dead, even after Bonney's basket.

Amid the delirium that followed, Jacksonville hurled the hall downcourt to Leon Benbow, who streaked in all alone and laid it in the basket at the buzzer for what could have been a Dolphin victory. In Jacksonville, it would have been. In Houston, it was too late.

"I didn't expect him to give it to us,"



POLKA-DOT MAN GUY LEWIS WRITHES DURING THE GAME



LOUISIANA BIG MAN LOUIS DUNBAR IS TRAILED BY MAURICE PRESLEY

said Jacksonville Coach Tom Wasdin of the timekeeper's decision. "If I were him I'd have ruled for the hometown, too. Who wants to get booed in church and have his ties slashed?"

The Houston victory was only the latest in a schedule that truly has been deep in the heart of Texas. Among Houston's 26 official games this winter, 18 are at home and only five are out of the state. But even without its home-court advantage, Houston is frightening. Its imposing size harks back to the Cougars' two NCAA semifinalist teams of 1966-68 led by Elvin Hayes and Don Chaney. These teams changed the traditional deliberate style of Houston basketball, and Lewis welcomed the change. Since then he has recruited for firepower, and if his players shun most of the accepted forms of guarding, so be it. Eight of his Cougars have gone into pro basketball and two to pro football—one of whom, 265-pound tackle Bob Hall of the B.C. Lions, he once labeled "not aggressive enough."

The present Houston edition features Louis Dunbar, a gold-toothed sophomore guard from Minden, La., whose hardo makes him look not so much 6'9" as 9'6"; Dwight Jones, an Olympic team member who alternates between center and forward and sometimes seems to lag at both; and several other imposing fellows collectively known as The Big Bunch. The latter go over 6'9" per man and, as they begin filling up the territory—flapping arms, waving hands and causing confusion—opponents may be excused for hallucinating. "We cut down on the places you can throw a ball to," says Lewis.

Jones normally starts on the frontline with 6'10" Maurice Presley and 6'8" Steve Newsome while Dunbar is in the backcourt with Bonney, the team's TV personality. When 6'9" Sid Edwards or 6'8" freshman David Morris fills in, The Bunch becomes extra big.

Early in the season Lewis figured he had two jewels in sophomores Dunbar and Presley, but he had nowhere to put them. After Dunbar shot 0 for 7 and Presley was almost as bad in a road loss to Seattle, Lewis found a place. He would start them. In the very next game at Colorado, Presley went to center, Dunbar to backcourt and together they helped bring off a victory. Dunbar played the entire contest and scored 28 points. In later games the Louisiana Man exhibited

poise, ball handling and direction from the guard position while pacing the team in both scoring (with a 21-point average) and smiling. Already he has been selected by the Indiana Pacers in the ABA's non-secret secret draft.

The son of a 280-pound deputy sheriff, Dunbar plays with strange jerking, mechanical motions. The game looks extremely difficult for him—as if his next shot might be his last because some vital part, an arm or a leg, had fallen off and hit the floor with a clank. But Dunbar survives. He calls his style "unfluid" and so it is.

Dunbar's unselfishness and fresh attitude have produced an atmosphere that was missing last season when the two Dights (Jones and the departed Dwight Davis, now with the Cleveland Cavaliers) refused to get along. Lewis, it is said, went through several bottles of hair dye trying to keep the gray away in his most painful year of coaching.

"All I did last season was hang around and counsel," says Bonney, the team leader who has been a regular for three years. "I'd do some counsel work with one Dwight, then with the other. Then Dunbar and Presley come in here and all they care about is winning. I'm co-captain now, and I got nothing to do."

Off court Bonney has plenty to occupy his time. A grade-school pal of heavyweight champion George Foreman, Bonney is a serious student in pre-law. He has a segment of a half-hour variety show on weekend TV. To avoid ruffling vanities, none of the team has been on Bonney's show yet, but the Cougars may soon appear as a group.

The team could have used a lot more together-ness Saturday night against Jacksonville. Previously, the schools had played twice—exchanging last-second victories, complaints and insults—but this was the most invigorating contest yet.

Jacksonville's Wasdin, who has molded his young team into a solid, patient unit and turned Center Butch Taylor into the most improved big man in the land, planned to press the Cougars. Early on, Dunbar was swallowed up by the Dolphins' smaller Benbow, while Jones and Presley went to sleep underneath and Jacksonville took the lead. Luckily, Newsome kept bailing out the Cougars, scoring 15 of Houston's first 17 points.

But as time went on Dunbar began to assert himself and Bonney and Sid Ed-

wards came off the bench to help bring the Cougars back. Behind 70-66, Edwards hit two free throws. Newsome scored a layup and Bonney drove for the basket that put Houston ahead 72-70. With 24 seconds left, Taylor—who had 29 points, 16 rebounds and outplayed every one of Houston's giants—stole a pass from Jones and was fouled. He made the first free throw to give Jacksonville a 75-74 lead, only to miss the second and enable the Cougars to quickly set up for a final shot.

Houston setting up, however, is a Chinese fire drill. Dunbar fouled with the ball outed for precious seconds. Jones stumbled around inside and finally Bonney got open. There went his hop-push shot. "I'll never had a jump shot," he said. "Jumping takes too much effort." There went Jacksonville's Benbow. There went the clock.

Afterward Wasdin screamed, Taylor had to be restrained from attacking the timekeeper. Guy V. Lews went off choraling in his newest jacket, a white-oned brocade with diagonal patterns. "Can you believe my two centers go 1 for 12, two points combined, and we still win?" he said. "This is crazy."

No, this is Houston.

THE WEEK

by KENT HANNON

SOUTH There were empty seats in Carmichael Auditorium when sixth-ranked North Carolina, fresh from wins over Maryland and Florida State and looking ahead to Virginia, entertained Miami of Ohio. Tar Heel followers were staying home to listen to the North Carolina State-Duke game. Just as well. The Redskins, whose teams have been stinging unsuspecting Big Ten neighbors for years, jumped Carolina 102-92, the most points ever scored on the team in the arena. Chastened North Carolina beat Virginia 76-68 and continued to lead the nation in team shooting. North Carolina State, with spectacular David Thompson getting 31 points, topped Duke 74-50 to remain undefeated.

"I'm not here to play Richard Fiquet," Dwight Lamar insisted when Southwestern Louisiana arrived in Tulsa for a nationally televised shoot-out with Oral Roberts. But it seemed clear from the way the ball kept flying out of people's hands that embosoming somebody was the order of the day. The na-

continued

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tion's two highest-scoring teams put it up 196 times, with Oral Roberts missing more shots (71) than most teams take in a game and Southwestern winning 104-89. Lamar, recovered from the flu, scored 34 points while Figuea made but five of 23 shots.

Tennessee won the game of the year in the SEC, shattering past Alabama 72-71 in Knoxville when Vol Center Len Kosmalski sank two free throws with less than a minute left. Seconds later, Wendell Hudson moved two for Alabama, then with three seconds left Charles Cleveland had his driving shot blocked by Kosmalski. "It was a lucky one," said Kosmalski. "He took my arm off," said Cleveland. The play gave Tennessee a two-game edge over Alabama and Kentucky in the loss column.

Virginia Tech wasted most of the year to get into the national rankings, then promptly fell out as Richmond and Toledo evoked the Gobblers 94-93 and 89-74.

Florida State, with Benny Clyde playing for the first time in three weeks following disciplinary suspension, beat South Alabama 86-69. Clyde did not score, but passed a lot, which is something he had not been doing, and Reggie Royals got 30 points.

SMU lost the fourth of its last five games to Arkansas 103-96 as Martin Terry scored 47 points—leaving the Southwest race to Texas Tech and the Razorbacks. Texas A&M scored on a goaltending call with seven seconds to go to beat Texas Tech 76-75.

1. N.C. STATE (23-0) 2. N. CAROLINA (23-3)

MIDWEST Minnesota, the Big Ten's best rebounding team, was jumped by the league's second worst, Illinois, but still won 82-73 to move alone into first place for the first time this season. Gopher Center Jim Brewer scored on nine of 11 field-goal attempts and snatched 13 rebounds to offset the efforts of Illinois' Nick Weatherpoon, the conference's most explosive player and leading scorer. Minnesota also unraveled Michigan's talented but uncoordinated attack 98-80. Purdue, which had retched on top of the standings for two surprising days, was routed at Ohio State 102-79. Indiana won twice, 57-55 over Wisconsin and 75-65 over Michigan State. In the Wisconsin game Hoosier Coach Bobby Knight turned cheerleader when the home crowd sat in virtual silence. Outraged, he said, "I think it is an absolute shame that 15,000 people can sit there on their dead rear ends and a coach has to get up to get somebody to cheer."

Marquette beat Bowling Green and Fordham for its second 11-game winning streak of the season. Coach Al McGuire's son Albie dropped in long jumpers and forward Larry McNeill two braces of free throws to stave off the fast-closing Rams.

Missouri's 6'7", 230-pound John Brown

says he has been distracted of late by pro scouts and agents, but his concentration was perfect against Kansas State. He connected on his first nine shots from the floor against the Big Eight leaders to get the Tigers started toward an 80-66 victory. When Oklahoma opened up a 14-point lead on State four nights later, it looked as though the conference race was alive again. But 10 free throws in the last four minutes and Center Steve Mitchell's 23 points saved the Wildcats 82-78. Colorado's 70-66 loss to Oklahoma State, whose coach, Sam Aubrey, resigned earlier in the week, was a blow to the Bulls' slender title hopes.

Memphis State's 54-53 win over New Mexico State was truly memorable. It also was Coach Gene Barrow's 200th and it clinched the school's first outright Missouri Valley championship. In a game involving a tournament bid for at least the winner, Louisville turned back Cincinnati 91-81 to give Coach Donny Crum his second consecutive 20-win season.

By taking Kent State 75-66, Miami of Ohio regained the Mid-American Conference title from Ohio University.

1. MINNESOTA (16-2) 3. MARQUETTE (23-3)

EAST Back-to-back losses to powerful St. Joseph's (76-65) and Notre Dame (75-71) dealt severe blows to St. John's hopes of escaping its nuke in the NIT. As usual, Bill Schaeffer was a tornado, scoring 56 points for the Redmen, but Olympian Mike Bantom and the Irish's John Shumate spelled the difference in the respective games. Bantom scored 23 points—many on near dunks—and grabbed 21 rebounds. Shumate had 31 points for Notre Dame, which also beat West Virginia 92-73.

If Penn wins the Ivy League title, it should send part of the trophy to Brown. The Bruins enjoyed the finest basketball weekend in their history, first beating Penn itself 53-51—when Guard Eddie Morris dropped in a 20-footer with two seconds left—then knocking off co-leader Princeton 68-62. Brown's first win over the Tigers since 1960 Yale helped Penn, too, upsetting Princeton 63-61 before losing to the Quakers 78-49.

Previdence breared past Villanova, college-devout power Assumption and Seton Hall as Marvin Barnes collected 72 points and 74 rebounds. In the process Guard Ernie DeGregorio became the school's second-highest scorer behind Jimmy Walker.

American University's Kermit Washington outrebounced the entire La Salle team 31 to 28 in an 88-79 victory to assure (unless American gets into a postseason tournament) a career average of 20 a game. Next, needing 39 points to average 20 points in his career, he rammed in his most ever, 40, in a 90-68 rout of Georgetown. Only others in the 20-20 club? Bill Russell, Elgin Bay-

lor, Paul Silas, Artis Gilmore, Julius Erving and Walter Dukes.

"I've seen ballplayers get an ovation that lasted six or seven minutes," said Temple's retiring Harry Litwack, "but never a coach." What followed the applause was a 76-67 victory over Villanova, giving Litwack a 372-192 coaching record at Temple in 21 seasons.

Syracuse's surprising Orangemen won their 11th home game in a row, 80-77 in overtime against Niagara, and made it 32 straight against Colgate 83-66.

1. PROVIDENCE (20-3) 3. ST. JOSEPH'S (20-5)

WEST At times Coach Jerry Tarkanian gives his Long Beach State players the feeling he is more impressed with L.A. State's Raymond Lewis than he is with any of them. "Raymond, Raymond, Raymond. That's all Coach ever talks about, how good Raymond is," said 4th-Grade Glenn McDonald following a lopsided victory over L.A. State earlier this month in which Lewis, the nation's No. 2 scorer, missed 26 of 34 shots. But in a rematch Friday night Lewis broke loose for a conference-record 53 points while his mother fainted from excitement in the stands. L.A. State won 107-104 in double overtime, making Tarkanian almost euphoric. "I knew you were going to do it to us," he told Lewis. The 49ers blinked that one off with a 92-65 drubbing of Santa Barbara to take their fourth straight PCAA title.

Since the bruising Notre Dame game, UCLA Coach John Wooden has been experimenting with a stronger front line of Bill Walton, Sven Nater and Dave Meyers. Maybe he shouldn't have. The Bruins ran into what Wooden termed "more a wrestling match than a basketball game" at Oregon and promises of similar trouble in the future. Ducks Coach Dick Harter said, "They think this was rough. They'll really get played out in a couple of years when we have the people." UCLA's just may have to go back to sick, as it did with a stall late in a 73-67 squeaker against Oregon State. To save their fifth straight, Wooden's regulars went most of the way.

The WAC was never more in whack, New Mexico and Brigham Young, typically, losing the lead back and forth with losses to Wyoming and Arizona and raising the specter of a four-way tie for the title. Weber State, second in winning percentage to UCLA over the past 10 years, reaped its sixth straight Big Sky championship by defeating Gonzaga 70-65 while San Francisco was being shot down by Jimmie Baker and Bobby Florence of Nevada-Las Vegas. The two got 56 points and Baker took down 26 rebounds in an 87-85 desert ambush.

1. UOCLA (20-0) 3. LONG BEACH STATE (22-3)

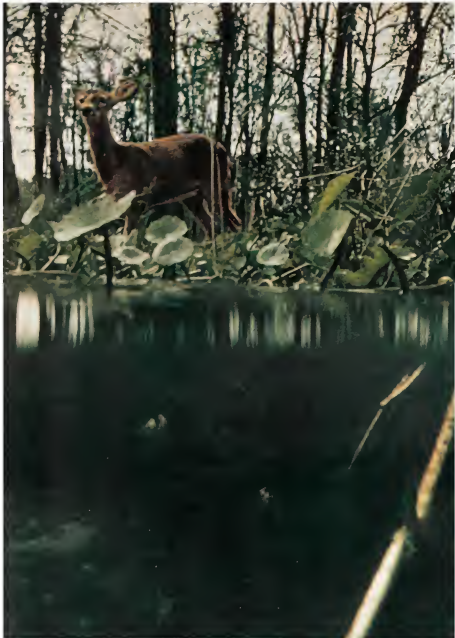


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A man and a woman are posing next to a vintage car. The man is in the foreground, wearing a dark denim jacket over a light blue chambray shirt and light blue flare jeans with a black belt. He is smiling and looking towards the camera. The woman is standing behind him, also smiling, wearing a dark denim jacket and light blue jeans. They are next to a vintage car with a large spoked wheel. The background shows a wooden fence and a field.

 **ELY**
EWALKER

It hurts when they aren't the best

When they are healthy the Lakers are a superb team—regardless of what record Chamberlain happens to be trying for. But with both West and Hairston injured, they can run into trouble, as they did last week

You all remember the world champion Los Angeles Lakers. They were last year's team, the one that zapped everybody and ran off 33 consecutive wins back when folks were busy reading up on the fine points of acupuncture, when Marlon Brando could make an irresistible offer without taking his clothes off, when people thought Le Duc Tho was a takeout restaurant. The Lakers were a tough new item then, like steel-belted radials. Yeah, who could forget those guys?

Until last week a lot of people apparently could—and did. The Lakers were cruising along through the downhill days of a very good season, creating no waves and attracting no particular attention when—beset by injuries—they lost four games in a row before beating the Bucks 91-82. Now suddenly they are in the public eye again. Perverse, perhaps, but that is the way it has been for the Lakers this year.

The Los Angeles slide toward semi-obscure began on the night of Oct. 14, 1972 at Madison Square Garden and set a pattern for the season. The Lakers—hampered by an injury to Gail Goodrich—were positively bombed by the Knicks, the team they had mauled in the playoff finals five months earlier. It was their second resounding loss in their first three games of the season. Meanwhile, revived Boston had started on the 10-game winning streak that began its year. Enter Celts. Exit Lakers. "It was that simple," says Los Angeles reserve Pat Riley. "People came right out and started telling us, 'Ah, you guys were nothing but a flash in the pan.'"

In their next 58 games the Lakers lost only 11 times, making a shambles of what was expected to be a tight Pacific Division race. Until they went into their stumble of last week—attributable largely to Jerry West's being out of the lineup with a pulled hamstring—they owned

the second-best record in the whole NBA. Yet they still seemed to attract no more national attention than the Atlanta Hawks or the Detroit Pistons. And most of their meager fame has been centered on Wilt Chamberlain's pursuit of another of those arcane records he has made a career-long specialty. If Wilt continues at his present pace, he will finish the season with a 72½ shooting average from the floor, 15 percentage points above what any other NBA player is currently shooting and 4½ above the all-time league accuracy record for a season set by guys who in 1966-67.

Obscured, somehow, by Wilt's assault on the record book is the all-round excellence of the '72-73 Lakers: not only members of the team but many of their opponents believe that Los Angeles this year is even better than it was last year.

Better, that is, when and if the whole squad ever gets together minus its various casts, wraps, pads and braces.

Los Angeles has improved by adding two strong new alternates to the standard lineup of West, Chamberlain, Goodrich, Jim McMillian and Happy Hairston. One of them is Keith Erickson, a five-year Laker who returned as the third guard after undergoing two knee operations and missing most of last season. The other is Bill Bridges, obtained in a trade with Philadelphia in the hope he could become the team's primary substitute at forward.

From the date of Bridges' arrival on early November until Dec. 12, Coach Bill Sharman used those seven men almost exclusively and Los Angeles won 17 of 18 games, several of them by 30-point margins. "We were playing so well

continued



ON THE BENCH, JERRY WEST (HAMSTRING) AND HAPPY HAIRSTON (KNEE OPERATION)

it was almost scary. It was beautiful," says Riley. "It was the best team we've ever had," added West last week as he worked out gingerly on his sore leg.

But injuries have had a very heavy hand on the Lakers. Only Chamberlain has appeared in every game. Hairston, who had 1,045 rebounds for the Lakers last season, has not played since undergoing an operation in December on a knee he injured while rebounding in Chicago and he is not really expected to appear in the playoffs. His absence will cost the team speed, outside shooting and also depth, since Bridges has left the bench to replace him.

Bridges, on the other hand, has been one of the few constant bright lights in a blinking picture. Only a few months ago he had given up hope of ever being a winner again. He has long been one of the league's strongest rebounding forwards, and his current average of 11 a game almost equals Hairston's at the time of his injury. But when Bridges was traded to the 76ers last season after eight years as a starter for the Hawks, he began to doubt his ability. Then when Philly streaked off to an 0-10 start this season, he almost decided to quit.

"Who wants the memories you'd get from that team?" he says. "I asked to be traded and I came to L.A. unhesitatingly. But I wanted to contribute something. I didn't want to sit there and watch, even though that might have been cool economically."

Bridges had barely said hello to Sharman before he was up and running for the Lakers. He played 26 minutes, scored nine points and had 16 rebounds his first night, and Sharman told him he would use him extensively as the third forward. Following Hairston's injury, the Lakers needed a dozen games to adjust to the absence of Happy's speed and to Bridges' stronger made play. They lost six of those games—and swam briefly into the national consciousness again as a result—but have played solidly ever since, at least until last week.

Bridges also quickly found that his new teammates expected him to contribute in unaccustomed ways. On the night Hairston was injured the Lakers led the Bulls by a point as time was running out. "I'm not much of an outside shooter and I've never been the player who takes the crucial shot," said Bridges.



WILT STUFFS—AND UPS HIS AVERAGE

es one day last week. "Suddenly there I was open in the corner and the ball came to me. I shot and hit the rim."

"Afterward I asked Erackson why I had been given the shot and he said, 'That's the way we play here. If you're open, you get it.' It was even Goodrich who passed it to me and that's highly unusual."

"Most unusual," laughed Riley, who overheard the line and repeated it for the benefit of Goodrich, who was standing nearby.

That is typical Laker humor—personal and direct. There had been more of the same early that morning as the team waited to start a bus ride into Detroit and the subject of Chamberlain's coat came up. Wilt's latest creation is of supple, bright yellow leather with leopardskin cuffs and collar. It has no buttons and ties around the middle like a bathrobe.

"I don't know exactly what the stuff

is that Wilt's coat is made out of," said a Laker. "I think it is one of those animals they don't shoot anymore and after seeing it on Wilt I can understand why."

"I don't know what it is either," said a teammate. "All I know is I wash my car with one every Saturday."

Chamberlain's taste in shots is considerably more conservative these days than his taste in overcoats. He rarely tries his fallaway one-hander or his underhanded finger roll anymore. He limits himself mostly to dunks, tips and lay-ins, and even these are shot sparingly. To rank among the best shooters in the NBA listings this week, Chamberlain needed at least 440 field-goal attempts. He had 460. He will need 560 shots by the end of the season to win the accuracy title and possibly set a new record. He should make it—just barely.

"As it is now, I feel I've only got to shoot enough to keep guys honest," says Wilt, who spends most of his time rebounding and is averaging only seven shots and 12.9 points per game. "I think it's made guys a little complacent when they guard me, and I find dunks are sometimes easier for me to get than they ever were. Otherwise, I really don't know if I'm as good a shooter as I used to be. I'd guess I'm not as accurate with my fallaway as I was five years ago, but I'll never know because I don't take it much anymore. This team doesn't need me to do that."

"Sure, I'm careful how I shoot. I'm not about to throw the ball away. But it's not like Bill Russell says on TV, that I'm not willing to shoot as much because I'm worried about my percentage."

If there were such a thing as an NBA record for number of alltime records held, Chamberlain would hold it. He spread-eagles the record book in virtually every category, including, of course, all five of those dealing with missed free throws. So his current campaign is a sideline, something to make the time go by until the day comes to face the real question about the Lakers: in what physical shape will the defending champions be for the playoffs? Sound, with West and everybody except Hairston healthy again? Or encephaloid, as they were last week? With one team they have been winning all season. With the other they have been losing. The difference is enough to attract attention.

END

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AN ETHIC OF WORK AND PLAY

Now that nostalgia has had its day, Broadway is enjoying a modest boom in sports. *That Championship Season*, Jason Miller's grimly funny account of a high school basketball team's 20th reunion, was voted the best play of 1972 by the Drama Critics Circle, and is an established hit. Last month a particularly attenuated bit of upper-class British nonsense called *The Jockey Club* Stokes arrived and, largely due to the patrician quality of the acting, is doing nicely, too. This week perhaps the best sports play of all opens at the Morosco Theatre. It is *The Changing Room* by David Storey.

The men in this drama are at the opposite end of the sporting spectrum from plummy racing gentry. Even in the age of televised sport, Rugby League remains a private, insular British phenomenon, a deeply rooted part of working-class life north of the Trent, capable of arousing savage loyalties. Yet unlike soccer, England's national game, it has never been plagued by riots. Many, including playwright Storey, believe the game itself is so violent that the crowd is soothed by it. He adds that it is a sport played by puritans, not hedonists. The widest publicity Rugby League has ever received was through Storey's first novel, *Two Sporting Life*, which was made into a movie starring Richard Harris. If what you remember from that picture is a lot of blood and mud and pounding around, your impression is correct. Broken arms, jawbones and collarbones, dislocated shoulders, cauliflower ears, a hockey player's depleted set of teeth—these are the weekly realities of Rugby League life. The players, to whom the week's pay is the difference between poverty and a few luxuries, seldom wait to heal before getting back into action.

It is likely that a lot of people will see *The Changing Room* and learn more about the sport, as well as about the speech and codes of Northern England. The play seems a certain bit. Through an odd set of circumstances, *The Changing Room* arrives with the major critics already in its pocket.

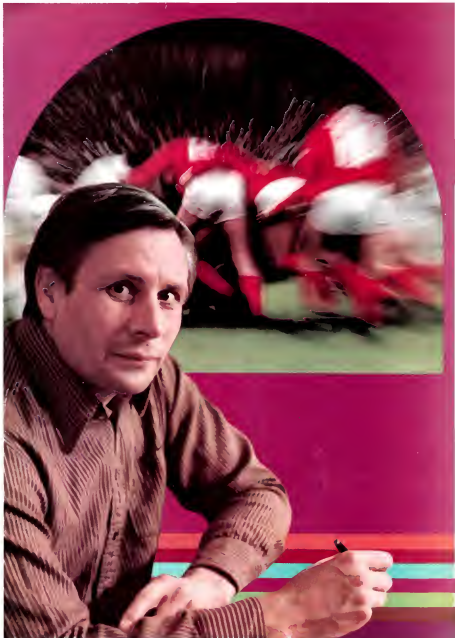
With a cast of 22 men it is expensive to produce, a fact of theatrical life that has never deterred Storey. An earlier play of his, *The Contractor*, required an impossibly calibrated corps of actors to assemble a huge banquet tent on stage. In London, Storey enjoys the services of the subsidized Royal Court Theatre to cope with such balletlike creations.

The Contractor was produced a year ago by the adventurous Long Wharf Theatre in New Haven, but never received sufficient backing for Broadway. When *The Changing Room* was done by the same

reviewed

Dramatist David Storey's recurrent theme is man's constant toil. In a new hit on Broadway he argues that sport and life are best at their extremes

by MARTHA DUFFY



WORK AND PLAY *continued*

group last November, New York critics who journeyed up to see it were so lavish in their praise that the company is gambling on making enough to pay the actors and the rent.

Today, at 39, David Storey is one of England's best novelists. Only Harold Pinter rivals him as a playwright. He lives with his wife and four children in Hampstead, the favored preserve of successful writers and artists as well as of professional people who like the creative ambience and who drive up real-estate prices.

There is no doubt that Storey could be a celebrity. In addition to his reputation he has the looks for the role—warm, sensuous eyes and mouth set in a fascinating skull-like head. But Storey avoids interviews and trendy hang-outs and would rather listen than expound. He gives the impression of being a virtuoso listener—someone capable of picking up the silence a skull might hear. He may in fact hear too much for his own comfort.

For one thing he doesn't travel well. He once undertook a VIP trip to Hollywood, listened to the official greetings of the studio folk and flew back home. Confronted with Manhattan on another trip, he retreated to the waiting room at Grand Central Station and spent an entire day just listening to people talk.

In his own voice, traces of his native Yorkshire remain: like anyone else involved with the game he calls it "roog-billeague." Storey was born into the working class. He could have been Arthur Machin, the hero of *This Sporting Life*, or any of the 13 players in *The Changing Room*.

"My father was a collier," Storey says. "He put in 16 hours a day in the pit until he was 63. He was exhausted all the time. He had silicosis." Exhausted or not, he was determined that his sons would not follow him into the mines. He learned decimals so he could teach them to David, and made him write a "composition" every night. "My father's whole ambition was to see me settled as a schoolteacher, but after going through the grammar school system I decided I'd rather be a collier than a teacher," says Storey. Looking back on his teen-age years he thinks that Beatle John Lennon's early lyrics express some of the inchoate tangle in his own head. "There was a lot of that anarchic working-class semi-intellectualism in the provinces in my time. We knew there was another world out there and things to be done, but we didn't know exactly what it was that we wanted to do."

David felt that he could hosh paint and write. But paint what? Write what? On the other hand, he was also a star rugby forward at school, so at 18 he was signed by Leeds, one of the best Rugby League clubs, for an initial bonus of \$1,700. Then he registered at art school as his hometown of Wakefield.

His teammates took an immediate and enduring dislike to him. In many matches he suffered as much from their blows as from those of opponents. "They were all young colliers or factory workers and I was a bloody student," he recalls. "They thought it was absurd to be carrying on as a punter. To them, all artists were homosexuals."

Matters got worse the following year when Storey transferred to Slade, the famous art school in London. The management at Leeds was very reasonable about David's move. He thinks, in fact, that the owner rather enjoyed the notion of having an exotic around, especially since—in

1953—Storey's hair was as long as George Best's is now. The hostility of his teammates deepened. "I was a moody, introverted young man, and I was doing an incredible thing," he says with characteristic dispassion. "During the week I was living with flighty, artistic nonentities in London, and then traveling 200 miles to play with plumbars on Saturday. Also, I did no training, whereas they had been pounding around on the pitch two nights a week."

As it turned out, both art and athletics suffered. "When I got back to Slade on Mondays, all I could draw were awful little squiggles. My fingers were swollen until Wednesday. Half the time I was in bed until Wednesday."

For all that punishment he never did become a first-rate forward. His manager, Ken Dalry, says Storey had promise. "He had a nice turn of speed and didn't fear anybody in his tackling. He never knew when he was licked, and I feel sure that had he stayed with Leeds he would have been blooded with the first team in another 18 months." Today that comment sounds a bit like the learned lepidopterists who contend that Nabokov could have been a respected butterfly man if he hadn't dabbled in writing.

After four years, though, David felt he was licked. At the same time Slade was taking a dim view of his latest artistic vision—metal sculptures—and he was at a dead end there. For a few years he was forced to teach, a life he found every bit as wretched as he had anticipated.

This Sporting Life, begun on train journeys between London and Leeds, was to be his salvation. After eight rejection slips from British editors, it won the 1960 Macmillan Fiction Award in the U.S. At first Storey thought this amounted to a distant round of applause. Then word came that it meant the book finally would be published and he would receive \$7,500, and in that veriginous moment he went out and bought a Jaguar, to this day the most impulsive and extravagant act he admits to.

He willingly accepts the puritanical heritage of his youth. He feels obligated to put in at least an eight-hour daily shift at the typewriter. As a result he has been very prolific: four novels published with a fifth due soon, five plays produced with two more "in the queue" at the Royal Court.

Storey labors at his fiction, but he literally dashes off his plays. He wrote the award-winning *Home*, which provided those true knights of the theater, Ralph Richardson and John Gielgud, with their best roles in years, in two days. *The Changing Room* took five days, largely because Storey had trouble keeping track of the large cast.

He works with serendipitous simplicity. *The Contrarior* began with a vision of three tent poles (Storey once had a job putting up banquet tents). He got the idea for *The Changing Room*, with its even more detailed physical activity, from watching rehearsals of *The Contrarior*. *Home* took shape from two chairs and a table and a man seated in one of the chairs. "Then," adds the author disingenuously, "he has to have someone to talk to."

Clearly, Storey has executed some of the theater's finest improvisation since W. C. Fields created the movie football sequence in *The Bad Dick*, but he admits his approach has a disadvantage: "I have a lot of nine-line plays around the house." Still, those short lines, seemingly snared out of thin air, make spare, uncluttered drama

that can be choreographed into stunning visual and emotional tension; David Storey knows exactly which lines he is looking for.

Storey likes the period when a play is in rehearsal because he can put in his compulsory eight-hour shift at the theater. *The Changing Room* required a little more, however. Director Lindsay Anderson, with whom Storey almost always works, decreed that the London cast should know about Rugby League. It is about the roughest sport left, with more tackling than in American football, done by players who wear no headgear and virtually no protective padding. There are 13 men on a side: six forwards who try to get the ball at each scrum (a savage close-quarters battle that starts any given action) and then pass it backward to the seven backs, who can run with it or kick it. There is no forward passing and no blocking to protect the ballcarrier from being tackled. The clock runs constantly except when there are disabling injuries, and only two substitutes per game are allowed. The field is called a pitch, a score is a try and worth three points. The kick, which often is attempted from a tortuously sharp angle, is worth two points.

The players on the 30 teams in the league nearly all hold other jobs in the mines or factories of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Pay varies widely. A man playing for a poor team like Wigan might make \$24 on a losing night. On a rich club like Leeds a major win might carry \$120 in wages and bonuses. Rugby League is not to be confused with the swifter, gentler amateur version of the sport called Rugby Union. One might as well mistake the working class for the bourgeoisie.

The Changing Room was enormously difficult to cast. By the time a British ensemble with the right accents and no spendle legs (a dead giveaway that a man is not an athlete) was complete, well over 200 men had tried out. The survivors went out to a field in Roehampton, under the tutelage of Bev Risman, an ex-Rugby League of international class. He taught them seven-to-a-side touch so they could make their second-act entrances (*page 70*) properly "windied and puffed." Risman recalls that the actors "were so keen that after a couple of minutes they were knocking hell out of each other." The playwright himself went in, but not for long. Like his teammates of old, the actors wanted "to bury him under the ground." Observes Risman, "Actors have no sense of self-preservation."

Storey was able to help more with other parts of the rehearsals. When Anderson first told the cast to change, they darted into their uniforms and were set to go in five minutes. That left 40 minutes of the first act with all talk and no action. "The truth is," says Storey, "that it takes a real rugby player about 45 minutes to get ready. We taught them how to bandage each other, how to massage, how to fiddle with laces and do warmups, and then let each one select his own routine." The play is nothing if not authentic. What with changing and emerging from the offstage plunge bath, 13 men are completely naked on stage at one time or another, which may be a good reason the play can't miss. But audiences in London and New Haven, who were hit by a strong whiff of wintergreen before a word was said, seemed to take the nudity in its athletic context, scarcely noticing it.

The style of the play could also be distracting were it not for the playwright's enormous skill. What seems at first to be a lot of spontaneous joking and griping is actually a carefully controlled visual kaleidoscope. In all his work Storey strikes a balance between solid structure and improvisation. One might say that sport, at its best, is a similar mix.

That ungentle moment in Roehampton was Storey's only active endeavor in quite some time, but he will continue to write about sports. Although he thinks that most great literature concerns insoluble family problems, he most often writes about what he knows best: work. To him sport is a form of work that goes beyond the merely personal and becomes, like art, something transcending, both to the performer and the observer.

Sport is one of the few subjects on which Storey is willing to express strong opinions or to permit himself some eloquence. "The pleasure to me is in the pitch of endeavor, sustaining it, going beyond it. In many ways I hated rugby, but it allowed people to do marvelous things. Often the real expression occurs at the point of physical and mental exhaustion. I recall one very hard game, played in pouring rain on a pitch that seemed to be 15 feet deep in mud. My relations with the team were at their worst. I should have hated every minute of that match, but suddenly something almost spiritual happened. The players were taken over by the identity that was the team. We were genuinely transported."

The experience of being lifted out of self and out of egotism is very important to Storey, then and now. He enjoys nothing more than watching runners on Hampstead Heath, whether lone, anonymous distance men or Olympian David Bedford. What he almost never enjoys is the expanding egos of successful athletes, or their attempts to account for their skills. "It is like asking a writer to explain writing. You won't find out but you'll get a lot of defensive theories or plain nonsense."

The dilemma of a truly fine athlete today appalls him. "Geniuses are lost now," he says bitterly. "The public becomes a gaud and television makes it much worse. Look at George Best. He was a genius who fulfilled the dreams little boys have, but the pressures were too great for him." Egotism is a word Storey uses a lot when he gets worked up and, clearly, he would like to stamp it out along with everything that fosters it. From his catalog of lost geniuses he excepts only Muhammad Ali: "I don't think anyone ever will regret listening to that."

Storey does the cleanest dramatic writing to be found nowadays and he is unabashedly for purity in any consideration of sport as well. Nothing nettles him more than the likes of pseudo-experts who popularize sociological theories about sport. "Some idiot was on television the other day carrying on about athletics as a substitute for tribal warfare, fighting in the wilderness or something. To blanket the whole of sport under reversion to primitivism is a romantic notion. A lot of psychology is very sentimental and reactionary. It is an attempt to preserve the myths of the past and make people conform to them. They call it normal. I say that I am moved by someone who feels that life is so important that he is driven to live it at the extreme."

CONTINUED



THE CHANGING ROOM

The play opens in the club's bare, dank locker room with Harry, an aging janitor, shoveling coal into a small stove. Gradually the players drift in to begin their pregame rituals: the bandaging and banters, the flexing of muscles and fussing with equipment. Finally dressed, the players are sent out for the match on a hard-frozen field. As the second act opens the game is in progress but the club's chairman, Sir Frederick Thornton, and secretary, Mac Mackendrick, have taken refuge from the numbing cold in the locker room. They are still there, and the battered players are spilling into the room at halftime as this excerpt begins. Luke, the muscular, swash cuts and tends sprains. Meanwhile, Crosby, the coach, and his assistant, Sandford, try to rally and advise the players. The team then returns to the pitch, but in the course of the second half a forward named Kendal (see cover) is severely injured. Bloody and delirious, he is jostled to the locker room in the play's most compelling moment.

FENCHURCH—Jesus! Jesus! Bloody hell.
LUKE—Here . . . Let's have a look.
Come on.
JAGGER—(following him in) It's nothing . . . bloody nothing . . .
FENCHURCH—Bloody studs, you see . . . Just look!

(He holds his hand up, wincing, as LUKE takes it. He groans, cries out, as LUKE examines it. The others are beginning to flood in: stained jerseys, gasping, bruised, edematous. HARRY brings in two bottles of water which the players take from the front. They spit into a bucket which MOORE has carried in.)

LUKE—Nothing broken. It'll be all right.
SANDFORD—Do you want me to bind it for you, then?
FENCHURCH—No, no. No . . . No.
JAGGER—Can't hold the ball with a bandage on.
CROSBY—Have you off to hospital, Fen-ny, lad. Match o'er: don't worry. Operation. Have it off. Not going to have you troubled, lad, by that.
FENCHURCH—Sod off.

(They laugh. WALSH groans and then

collapses on the bench.)

WALSH—I'm done. I'm finished. I shall never walk again. Sandy . . . Bring us a cup o' tea, old lad.
SANDFORD—You'll have a cup o' bloody nothing. Have a swab at that.

(Splashes a cold sponge in his face and round his neck. Splatters, groans, finally wipes his face and neck. CROSBY has come in with the remainder of the players.)

CROSBY—Well done. Well done. Start putting on the pressure in the second half.
JAGGER—Pressure?
FENCHURCH—Pressure . . .
JAGGER—That was the bloody pressure. Anything from now on is strictly leftovers, Danny lad . . . I'm knackered. Look at that. Use hammers on that bloody pitch out there . . .
MACKENDRICK—Well done, then, lads. Well done.
FIELDING—You watching in here, then, Mr. Mackendrick, are you?
MACKENDRICK—Out there, old lad. I wouldn't miss it.
CLEGG—See that last try . . . ?



The curtain call in New Haven. The same cast will be appearing in the Broadway version

MACKENDRICK . . . Go down in the bloody book will that.

SANFORD—Keep moving. Don't sit still

CROSBY—That's right. Keep moving. Walshy, get up off your arse

(WALSH takes no notice, drinks from bottle)

. . . Bryan? How's your ankle?

ATKINSON—All right. I think. It'll be all right.

FIELDING—Just look at that. Can't move me bloody finger.

CROSBY—Keep away from that bloody fire. . . Sandy, keep 'em moving round, old lad.

(LUKE and SANFORD are examining players. MOORE and SPENCER, the subs, are helping out with laces, tightening boots, hanging round the bottles)

. . . Any new jerseys? Any new shorts?

(A couple of players call: "No . . . No thanks")

COFLEY—Over here, lads. I'll have one.

CROSBY—Trevor? How's your hands?
TREVOR—All right. *(holds them up, freezing)*
CROSBY—Keep moving, lad. Keep shifting.
TREVOR—Be all right.

(TREVOR is quite cold, hands and arms together, then rubbing himself, trying to get warm)

CROSBY—Barry?

COFLEY—No. No. All right.

STRINGER—Bloody cold out there. I read it i' the paper. Seven degrees of frost last night.

SANFORD—Bloody well move faster, lad.

STRINGER—I am moving faster. It bloody catches up with you.

KENDAL—Ears, look. Can't bloody feel 'em

JAGGER—Still on, then, Kenny, are they?

KENDAL—Aye. Think so. Better have a look. *(crosses to mirror)*

(The players are gradually getting over the shock of entering the warm room: sucking sponges, rinsing their mouths from the bottle, rubbing on more grease, adjusting boots and socks, some move about, but quite slowly, tired, panting)

FENCHURCH—What's the bloody score, then, lads?

FIELDING—Never notices on the bloody wing.

COFLEY—Picking his bloody nose.

FIELDING—Talking to the crowd

MOORE—Seven-seven, Fenny, lad.

CLEGG—*(to MOORE and SPENCER)* Bloody cold, you lads, out there.

SPENCER—Freezing.

MOORE—Frozen.

WALSH—Mr. Crosby, sir.

CROSBY—What's that?

WALSH—Isn't it time we had a substitute out there? These lads are dying to get on and take

CROSBY—They'll get on in my bloody time, not yours. Now get up. Come on. Get moving. I've told thee, Walsh, before

(PATSY is sitting down, having his leg stretched by SANFORD—He has PATSY's leg pulled out before him and is pressing back the toe of the boot)

. . . *(to PATSY)* You all right?

PATSY—Bloody cramp. God . . . *(groans, wince)*

WALSH—Another bloody fairy. . .

CLEGG—Go on. Give him summat, Sandy. . .

WALSH—Here. Let's have a bloody hold.

PATSY—S'all right. S'all right. S'all right.

(PATSY springs up, flexes leg)

WALSH—S'all in the bloody mind . . . Here. Have a look at my bloody back, then, will you?

(SANFORD lifts the back of his jersey)

SANFORD—Got a cut.

WALSH—How many stitches?

SANFORD—Twenty or th'ty. Can't be sure.

WALSH—Go on. Go on. Get shut . . . *(players laugh)* Fieldy, have a bloody look, old lad.

(FIELDING lifts WALSH's shirt and looks: slaps his back. WALSH goes over to the bucket, gets sponge, squeezes it down his back)

LUKE—*(calling, with flourish, etc.)* Any more for any more?

JAGGER—Any bruises, cuts, concussions, fractures. . .

COFLEY—One down here you could have a look at, Luky.

(Opens shorts: players laugh. THORNTON has come in from the porch entrance)

THORNTON—Well played, lads. Well done . . . Morley, bloody fine try was that, young man.

MORLEY—Thank you, sir.

THORNTON—*(to CROSBY)* Not often we see a run like that. . .

CROSBY—No. That's right.

THORNTON—Good kick, Clifford. Good kick was that.

OWENS—Aye.

(During this period he has been out, through the bath-entrance, to wash his face and hands, almost like an office worker, set for home, he comes in now, drying face and hands)

THORNTON—Trevor, dropped goal: a

continued

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WORK AND PLAY *continued*

bloody picture.

TREVOR—Thanks.

THORNTON—How're your hands?

TREVOR—Frozen.

THORNTON—Saw you catch that ball:

didn't know you'd got it. *(laughs)*

TREVOR—Numb. *(rubs his hands)*

THORNTON—Kenny.

(KENDAL nods)

WALSH—Sir Frederick, how d'you think I managed, then?

THORNTON—Like a dream, Walshy. Like a dream.

JAGGER—Bloody nightmare, I should think, more likely.

(The players laugh)

CROSBY—He could bloody well do us' weakening up . . . There's half on you asleep out yon . . . Fieldy . . . Bryan . . . move across. *Go with it . . .* It's no good waiting till they come . . . Bloody hell . . . Trevor there, he's covering all that side . . . Colin, *bloody interception*: it's no good going in, lad, every time . . . they'll be bloody well waiting for it soon . . . three times that I saw Jack here had to take your man . . .

WALSH—Billy?

SPENCER—Aye?

WALSH—Go eavesdrop at their door, old lad.

SPENCER—Aye! *(laughs)*

WALSH—Find out all their plans.

(They laugh)

CROSBY—As for bloody Walsh, A boot up the backside wouldn't go astray. I'll swear at times thy's running bloody backwards, lad.

WALSH—I am. I bloody am . . . Too bloody cold today for running forr'ad.

(They laugh. WALSH claps his cold hands either side of SANDFORD's face. SANDFORD, saying, 'Get off,' steps back. CROSBY goes into private, whispered conversation with individual players)

MACKENDRICK—How're you feeling, Trevor lad?

TREVOR—All right.

MACKENDRICK—Cut your ear there, lad . . . Not bad . . . *(examines it closely)*

Sandy? . . . Put a spot o' grease on that. *(TREVOR winces as it is applied)* . . . Take

care of the professional men, you know. These lot—(gestures round) Bloody ten a penny.

(Jeers: MACKENDRICK takes no notice)

... Have you ever tried playing i' mit-tem, then?

TREVOR—No.

MACKENDRICK—Some players do, you know. Particularly in your position ...

In the amateur game, you know ...

Stiff. No need to tell you that, I'm sure.

TREVOR—Aye ... I'll ... just pop off at theer. Shan't be a minute.

MACKENDRICK—Aye ... (slaps his back)

(TREVOR leaves through bath-entrance. Electric bell rings)

CROSBY—All right. All right. I'm saying no more. Quick score at the beginning: be all right ... Cliff. At the fourth tackle, Cliff, try number five. (to the rest) Have you got that?

PLAYERS—Aye.

CROSBY—Be bloody ready ... Patsy?

PATSY—Aye.

CROSBY—Fenny?

FENCHURCH—Aye. All right.

CROSBY—Get up there! Bloody well stuck in.

FENCHURCH—Aye.

CROSBY—Bryan ...

ATKINSON—Aye.

CROSBY—Harder. Harder ... Kenny?

KENDAL—Aye?

CROSBY—Bare 'em! You're not tucking the buggers in bed.

KENDAL—Aye.

CROSBY—Let's bloody well see it, then ... I want to hear those suds go down ... I want to feel that bloody stand start shaking ... Johnny, have you got that, lad?

CLEGG—Aye.

CROSBY—Good possession ... If their hooker causes any trouble let Walsh bang his head.

WALSH—I already have done, lad. Don't worry.

(They laugh)

CROSBY—Cliff? Ought you want to add?

OWENS—No, No. Mark your man. Don't wait for somebody else to take him.

(Roar of the crowd offstage)
(They look to THORNTON; he's been going round to individual players, nodding formally, advising, giving praise. TREVOR comes back in)

THORNTON—Good luck, lads. Keep at it. Don't let the pressure drop. Remember; it's thy advantage second half. Away from home, for them: it always tells.

CROSBY—Aye ...

THORNTON—Good luck.

PLAYERS—(totally uninterested) Aye ...

thanks ...

THORNTON—Go up and shake them lads out o' the bloody boardroom, Mac ...

They'll watch the match from up there if they get half a chance ...

MACKENDRICK—Aye ... Good luck, lads. Don't let up.

PLAYERS—No ... Aye ...

MACKENDRICK—See you after. Keep it up. Well done ... (on his way out)

Well done ... Well done, Trev. (slaps TREVOR's back as he goes)

(THORNTON smiles round, nods at CROSBY, then follows MACKENDRICK)

CROSBY—Watch Tallon near your line. PLAYERS—(moving off) Aye ... eye.

OWENS—All right, then, lads. We're off.

CROSBY—Barry ...

COPLEY—Aye. (on move out, hands clenched)

CROSBY—Are you listening ...

COPLEY—Aye. Aye. Don't worry.

CROSBY—Right then ... Fieldy, how's thy eye?

FIELDING—All right.

CROSBY—It's bloody well opened. Look. (to LUKE)

FIELDING—Aye. Aye. It'll be all right. (dismisses it; goes)

CROSBY—Remember ... Fenny ...

Patsy ...

PLAYERS—Aye ... aye ... All right. (going out)

(They go, Crosby nodding to each one at the door, advising, slapping backs. LUKE and SANFORD start collecting the kit to take out. MOORE and SPENCER, still in their warmup-suits, pick up a bucket and a bag between them, waiting to follow Crosby out after the players have gone)

(Roar of the crowd as the players appear on the pitch)

(HARRY has come in to collect the towels, tapes, bottles, etc. that have been left lying around)

LUKE—See you out theer, Danny ... (packing his bag)

CROSBY—Right ... Frank ... Billy?

SPENCER—Aye.

CROSBY—Right ...

(They go. SANFORD, LUKE and HARRY are left)

LUKE—Well, then, Harry ... How's it a barn?

HARRY—All right.

LUKE—Been warming up, in here, then, have you?

HARRY—I bloody haven't.

SANFORD—I'm not so sure I wouldn't prefer it here myself. (warming hands at fire)

(Crowd roar offstage)

... Ay up. Ay up. That's it. We're off.

(He zips up his warmup-suit top)

LUKE—Be with you in a sec, old lad.

SANFORD—All right. (goes)

(LUKE and HARRY hawk in silence for a moment. Then)

LUKE—Do you ever back on matches, Harry?

HARRY—What?

LUKE—Bookies.

HARRY—I don't.

LUKE—Not 'esses?

HARRY—Now!

LUKE—What do you do in your spare time, then?

HARRY—I don't have any spare time.

LUKE—What do you do when you're not up here, then?

HARRY—I'm ahus up here.

LUKE—Sleep up here, then, do you?

(Roar offstage: LUKE packs his bag)

HARRY—I sleep at home.

LUKE—Where's home?

HARRY—Home's in our house. That's where home is

LUKE—A damn good place to have it, lad.

HARRY—Bloody keep it theer, an' all.

LUKE—Thornton here, then, was he: first half?

HARRY—Aye.

LUKE—Crafty . . . He'll never put himself out, you know, unduly.

HARRY—And Mackendrick.

LUKE—Where one goes his shadder follows.

HARRY—It's his place . . . He can do what he likes . . . He can sit in here the whole afternoon if he bloody likes.

LUKE—I suppose he can

(Roar offstage)

. . . Fun him up here, you know, one night.

HARRY—What's that?

LUKE—Sir Frederick . . . Came back one night . . . Left me tackle . . . Saw a light up in the stand . . . Saw him sitting there. Alone. Crouched up. Like that.

HARRY—His stand. Can sit there when he likes.

LUKE—Ten o'clock at night.

HARRY—Ten o'clock? the bloody morning. Any time he likes.

(LUKE fastens his bag)

LUKE—Is it true, then, what they say?

HARRY—What's that?

LUKE—Thy's never watched a match.

HARRY—Never.

LUKE—Why's that?

HARRY—My job's in here. Thy job's out yonder.

LUKE—They ought to set thee on a pair o' bloody rails

(Goes over to the door)

HARRY—Most jobs you get: they're bloody nowt . . .

(LUKE pokes at the door)

. . . Don't know what they work for . . .

LUKE—What?

HARRY—Not anymore. Not a bit like it was . . .

LUKE—Well, thy works for the bloody club.

HARRY—I work for Sir Frederick, lad; for noh'dy else.

(LUKE looks across at him)

. . . I ma'n run the bloody bath.

(He goes. LUKE watches from the door:

then looks round for anything he's forgotten; comes back in, gets scissors; sound from the bath-entrance, of running water. He crosses to the door and then goes out. HARRY comes back a moment later: he gets towels from the basket and lays them out on the bench, by each peg. At one point there's a roar and howling from the crowd, then tramps and rattles: the noise dies away to a murmur. He turns on the loudspeaker)

VOICE—*(accompanied by the roaring of the crowd)* . . . Copley . . . Clegg . . . Morley . . . Fenchurch . . . inside . . . passes . . . Jagger . . . Stringer . . . Tackled. Fourth tackle. Scrum down, Walsh . . . Fielding . . . Walsh having words with his opposite number. Getting down. The scrum is just inside United's half . . . almost ten yards in from the opposite touch . . . put in . . . some rough play inside that scrum . . . Referee Tallon's blown up . . . free kick . . . no . . . not satisfied with the tunnel . . . ball in . . . Walsh's head is up . . . *(kingster)* There's some rough business inside that scrum . . . my goodness! . . . ball comes out . . . Morley . . . Copley . . . Owens . . . Owens to Trevor . . . Trevor is going to drop a goal . . . too late . . . He's left it far too late . . . They've tried that once before . . . Kendal . . .

(HARRY switches the loudspeaker off)
(Great roar outside)

(He has crossed to the fire: more coal: pokes it: goes off to the bath-entrance. A moment later the door from the porch opens: SANDFORD comes in)

SANDFORD—*(guffing)* Luke? . . . Luke?

HARRY—*(re-emerging)* He's just gone.

SANDFORD—Oh, Christ . . .

HARRY—Anything up?

SANDFORD—Gone through the bloody tunnel . . . Missed him.

(Roar increasing offstage)

(SANDFORD hurries out)

(HARRY stands in the center of the room waiting: buying of the crowd. A few moments later voices offstage: 'Hold the bloody door.' 'This side.' 'This side.' 'Take his shoulder.' 'I'm all right. I'm all right. Don't worry.' The door opens: KENDAL comes in, supported by CROSBY and MOORE)

KENDAL—It's all right . . . It's bloody

nowt . . . Where is it? Where's he put it?

CROSBY—Get him down . . . no over here. Over here. On this.

(They take him to the massage table)

KENDAL—Now, don't worry. Don't worry . . . Don't worry. I'll be all right . . .

MOORE—S'all right, Kenny. Lad. All right.

CROSBY—Doesn't know where he is. Now, come on. Lie down, Kenny, lad. Lie down.

KENDAL—S'all right. S'all right.

CROSBY—Where's bloody Lukey . . .

Frank, get us a bloody sponge Harry, 'od him down.

(CROSBY tries to hold KENDAL down: having been laid on the table he strains and keeps trying to sit up. HARRY comes over to the table: he watches, but does nothing to help)

HARRY—*(to MOORE)* Over there—that bucket.

(MOORE goes off to the bath-entrance)

CROSBY—Come on, Kenny. Come on. Lie down, lad.

KENDAL—S'all right . . . S'all right . . . I'll go back on.

CROSBY—You'll go nowhere, lad . . . Come on . . . Come on, then, Kenny, lad. Lie still. I want to bloody look . . .

Come on . . .

(The door opens: SANDFORD comes in, followed closely by LUKE who is carrying his bag)

LUKE—How is he? . . . Don't move him . . . Let's have a look.

CROSBY—Where's thy been? . . . On thy bloody holidays, ha't that?

LUKE—Let's have a look . . . I was coming up . . .

CROSBY—Nose . . . *(steps back)* SANDFORD takes hold

(CROSBY gets a towel: he wipes the blood from his hands)

KENDAL—Nose . . . It's me nose, Lukey.

LUKE—Lie still, lad, now. Lie still.

KENDAL—I can't bloody see, Lukey . . .

LUKE—Now just lie still. That's it . . .

continued

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WORK AND PLAY *continues*

That's right . . .

(MOORE has brought the sponge)

. . . Clean water, lad. That's no good.
SANDFORD—Here . . . here . . . I'll get it. (to MOORE) Come round here. Get 'od o' this.

(MOORE takes SANDFORD's place; SANDFORD goes off to bath-entrance. LUKE has looked at KENDAL's wound; his face is covered in blood, sponges have been placed round KENDAL's cheeks and mouth. LUKE then stoops down to his bag, gets out cotton wool. KENDAL is still trying to get up)

MOORE—It's all right, Kenny, lad. All right.

KENDAL—Can't see . . .

LUKE—Now just keep your eyes closed, lad . . . Harry: can you get a towel?

MOORE—I don't think Ken wa' even looking. . . His bloody head came down . . . bloody boot came up . . .

(HARRY has passed over a towel. MOORE takes it)

LUKE—Shove it underneath his head. Kenny? Keep your head still, lad.

(SANDFORD has brought in a bowl of water. LUKE wipes away the blood with cotton wool; further examines the damage. SANDFORD pours a drop of disinfectant from the bottle into the bowl of water. LUKE dips in the cotton wool, wipes KENDAL's nose. CRISBY, not really interested, having wiped the blood from his hands and his warmup-suit, looks on impatiently over LUKE's back)

KENDAL—A bit o' plaster: I'll go back on.

LUKE—Nay, lad. The game's over for you today.

KENDAL—I'll be all right . . . I'll get back on . . .

CRISBY—He's off, then, is he?

LUKE—Aye . . .

SANDFORD—Aye . . . (gestures up) I'll take him up.

CRISBY—Right . . . Frank. Come on. Not have you hanging about down here.

SANDFORD—Who you sending on?

CRISBY—(looks round. To MOORE) Do you think you can manage, then, out there?

MOORE—Aye!

CRISBY—Come on, then, Let's have you up.

(MOORE, quickly, feebly, strips off his warmup-suit)

. . . Luky . . .

LUKE—Aye

CRISBY—As soon as you've done, Let's have you up . . . Kenny, do you hear that, lad?

KENDAL—(half-sitting) Aye . . .

CRISBY—Well done, lad . . . Just do as Luky says . . .

KENDAL—Aye . . .

CRISBY—(to MOORE) Come on. Come on. Not ready yet . . .

(He goes to the door. MOORE struggles out of the suit. CRISBY leaves. MOORE, flexing his legs, pulling down his jersey, etc., follows him)

LUKE—There, then, Kenny . . . (he has finished washing the wound and has dressed it with a plaster. he now helps KENDAL up with SANDFORD's assistance) If there's ought you want, just give a shout.

KENDAL—There's me electric tool-kit, Luke . . .

LUKE—I've got it here, old lad . . . Thy'll be all right . . .

KENDAL—Fifteen quid that cost . . . just o'er . . .

SANDFORD—Here, then. Come on . . . Let's have you in the bath. Come on. Come on, now . . . It wouldn't do you much good if you dropped it in . . .

(KENDAL has got up from the table; SANDFORD helps him over to the bath-entrance. LUKE finishes packing his bag. The porch door opens; MACKENDRICK comes in)

MACKENDRICK—How is he?

LUKE—He'll be all right.

KENDAL—Too bloody old, you know. If I've said it once I've said it . . .

LUKE—Aye.

MACKENDRICK—(calling offstage) How're you feeling, Kenny, lad?

KENDAL—All right.

MACKENDRICK—All right, Sandy?

SANDFORD—Aye. I'll have him in the bath.

MACKENDRICK—Taking him up . . . ? (gestures up)



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WORK AND PLAY *continued*

SANDFORD—Aye.
MACKENDRICK—I'll see about a car.
SANDFORD—(offstage) Shan't be long.
MACKENDRICK—(to LUKE) I'll go up to the office.
LUKE—Tool-ki. (shows him) Bought this morning.

(MACKENDRICK looks in)

... Bloody shelves ...
MACKENDRICK—Poor old Kenny ...
LUKE—Bloody wife.
MACKENDRICK—Like that, then, is it?
LUKE—She's been round half the teams of the bloody league ... one time or another, (picks his bag and goes over to the bath-entrance) I'll get on up, then, Sandy, lad.
SANDFORD—(offstage) Aye.
LUKE—Be all right, then, Kenny, lad?
KENDAL—(offstage) Aye ...

(LUKE collects his bag)

LUKE—You'll see about a taxi, then?
MACKENDRICK—Aye.

(Rear offstage)
(They lift their heads)

LUKE—Another score.
MACKENDRICK—(gestures at bath-entrance) I'll get up and tell Sir Freddy, then.

(MACKENDRICK goes out by the office entrance, LUKE by the porch. HARRY is now left alone, he has cleared up the bits of cotton wool and lint around the table, he collects the used towels, SANDFORD brings in KENDAL's used kit, drops it on the floor and gets a towel)

SANDFORD—Take care of that, then, HARRY ...
HARRY—Aye.
SANDFORD—Them his clothes?
HARRY—Aye.

(SANDFORD gets them down; he goes to the bath-entrance with the towel)

SANDFORD—(offstage) Come on, then, Kenny ... Let's have you out.

(HARRY takes the massage table again, resetting the head-rest which, for KENDAL's sake, has been lowered. Then KENDAL is led in with a towel round him)

continued



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WORK AND PLAY —continued

... Can you see ought?

KENDAL—Bloody dots...

SANDFORD—No, this way, lad, then. Over here.

KENDAL—Is the game over, Sandy?

SANDFORD—Just about. Sit there, I'll get you dried...

(KENDAL sits on the bench. SANDFORD dries his legs and feet, then he dries his head. HARRY looks on)

... Pass his shirt, then, will you?

(HARRY passes KENDAL's shirt and vest over)

(Roar of the crowd)

KENDAL—Aye we winning?

SANDFORD—Come on, then... Get your head in this.

KENDAL—Can't remember...

(HARRY pulls his vest and shirt round his head. KENDAL dazedly pushes in his arms)

HARRY—What's he done?

SANDFORD—Nose.

HARRY—Bro'k it, has he?

SANDFORD—Aye.

KENDAL—Remember shopping.

SANDFORD—We've got it here, old lad.

Don't worry.

KENDAL—Bloody fifteen quid...

HARRY—First one this year.

SANDFORD—Come on, then, lad... Let's have you up.

(SANDFORD helps KENDAL to his feet. HARRY watches, hands in pockets. KENDAL looks heavily at SANDFORD. SANDFORD leans down and pulls up KENDAL's trousers)

HARRY—Three collar-bones we had one week... Two o' theirs... the last on ours... Ankle... bloody thigh-bone, once... Red hair... He never played again.

SANDFORD—*(to KENDAL)* Come on, come on, then, lad... 'od up.

KENDAL—Steam boilers, lad... Bang 'em on... Seen nothing like it. Row o' rivets... Christ... Can hardly see ought... Sandy?

SANDFORD—Here, old lad. Now just hold tight... Come on. Come on, now. Let's have you out of here... *(to HARRY)* Will you see if Mr. Mackendrick's got that car...? Harry, can you find

me coat as well?

(HARRY goes out, stiffly—leaves by office entry)

(Roar of affrage rises to peak, applause, huzzes, rattles)

(KENDAL starts to sound as if to go)

... Nay, lad; can't go with nothing on your feet.

(Sits here down, puts on his socks and shoes)

KENDAL—*(dazed)* Started lakin' here when I wa' fifteen, tha knows... Intermediates... Then I went out, on loan, to one of these bloody colliery teams... bring 'em up at the bloody week-end in bloody buckets... play a game o' bloody football... booze all Sunday... back down at the coal-face, Monday... Seen nothing like it. Better ring my wife.

SANDFORD—What?

KENDAL—She won't know.

SANDFORD—She's not here today, then?

KENDAL—No...

SANDFORD—I'll see about it, lad. Don't worry.

KENDAL—If I'm bloody kept in, or ought.

SANDFORD—Aye. It'll be all right.

KENDAL—The woman near door has got a phone.

SANDFORD—Aye, I'll see about it, lad. All right. *(gets up)* Let's have your coat on. Won't bother with your tie.

(KENDAL stands. SANDFORD helps him into his raincoat)

KENDAL—I wa' going to get a new un... until I bought this drill...

SANDFORD—Aye! *(laughs)*

KENDAL—Start saying up again...

SANDFORD—That's right.

(HARRY comes in through the office door. He brings in SANDFORD's overcoat)

HARRY—There's one outside already.

SANDFORD—Good.

HARRY—*(arches SANDFORD's efforts)* Alus one of two out there.

SANDFORD—Yeh.

HARRY—Sit doys.

SANDFORD—Could alus use Sir Frederick's, then.

HARRY—Aye...

SANDFORD—How're you feeling, lad?

—continues

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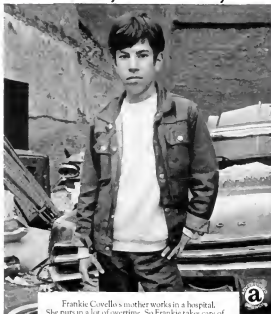
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What we need money can't buy.

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WORK AND PLAY *continued*

KENDAL—All right.

SANDFORD—Come on, then, lad . . . Just fasten this . . .

(KENDAL holds his head up so SANDFORD can fasten on the dressing LUKE has left; it covers his nose and is attached with plaster to his cheeks)

KENDAL—Is it broke?

SANDFORD—There's a bit of a gash, old lad.

KENDAL—Had it broken once before . . .

SANDFORD—Can you manage to the car? (collects his coat)

KENDAL—Where is it, then? (turns either way)

SANDFORD—Here it is, old lad . . . (hands him her parcel)

KENDAL—Have to get some glasses . . . hardly see . . .

SANDFORD—(to HARRY) Looks like bloody Genghis Khan . . . Come on, then, Kenny . . . Lean on me. (to HARRY) Still got me bloody boots on . . . I'll get them in the office . . . See you, lad.

(HARRY watches them go. He waits; then he picks up the used towel, takes it offstage to dump near the bath-entrance. He comes back, looks round, switches on the loudspeaker):

VOICE—(crowd roar) . . . to Walsh . . . reaches the twenty-five . . . goes down . . . plays back (roar) . . . comes to Clegg to Atkinson . . . Atkinson to the substitute Moore . . . Moore in now; crashes his way through . . . goes down . . . Walsh comes up . . . out to Owens . . . Owens through . . . dummies . . . beautiful move . . . to Stringer. Stringer out to Patsy . . . Patsy out to Trevor who's come up on the wing . . . kicks . . . Copley . . . Fenchush . . . Fielding . . . Morley . . . (roar) Ball bounces into touch . . . scrum . . . (quite dull roar) Growing dark now . . . ball goes in, comes out: Tallon blows . . . free kick . . . scrum infingement . . . one or two tired figures there . . . can see the steam, now, rising from the backs Trevor's running up and down, blowing in his hands . . . Kick . . . good kick . . . (crowd roar) lands touch beyond the twenty-five . . . (crowd roar)

(HARRY sits, listening)
(Fades: sound and light)

END



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 10-20

BASEBALL—The Major League Players Association and club owners reached tentative agreement on a three-year contract, pending ratification by the players.

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: While the Los Angeles Lakers' first four games became the longest ever under Coach Bill Sharman (over 61), Rick Barry's scoring has been a help. Second place Lodi-Lake took on the Lakers in the Feb. 10 Division B game for a first for such things. After scoring off a scratcher to lead the Warriors to a 111-106 victory over the Lakers, Barry finished back in a second-quarter foul but came back to score 12 of his 28 points in the second half. His 10 points in the last 2½ minutes against Milwaukee tied Golden State to a 102-97 win as the Warriors outscored the Bucks 10-19 in the final period. In the Atlantic Division, Boston continued to pull away from the Cavaliers as New York lost a 26-point halftime advantage and a three-point lead in the final 20 seconds in Chicago. The Knicks scored just 28 points in the second half as the Bucks won 84-85 on Bill Barry's rebounded basket in the last eight seconds. New York recovered at home the next night with a 125-97 triumph over Buffalo to close the season tied to 1½ games. Chicago, with Kent Stangwin free-throwing 10 in an 18-point upset, kept the pressure on Milwaukee in the Midwest Division. Love lost 30 points as the Bulls won their sixth straight, 122-108 over Phoenix. The Bulls' lead was chopped to 39½ games. In the Central Division, Atlanta's 10th straight 31 points helped fire-place 8½-point defeat Portland 128-119 to maintain a 10-game margin over Atlanta.

AFL—Saddally Denver scored its eighth win against the Western Division into a home-ice win. In the fifth win, Warren Zuhov scored 28 points as the Broncos took a 105-104 victory at Carolina to take the lead in six games. In Texas, the Texans won a second place, 49½ games behind the Colts. Although Kentucky continued to pressure Carolina, the Eastern Division remained a two-way race. Dan Iupati's 15 points and Artie Gilman's 20 rebounds helped the Colts win at Dallas, 107-102, and a 44th 36 games of the Cowboys in a battle for the fourth-place playoff seat. Minnesota drew within two games of New York with a 107-98 triumph in the closing game.

HOCKEY—DON MCELIN defeated Karl Anderson 2-0 in the final game to win the \$100,000 top prize in the \$90,000 Western-National Ice in North Carolina.

BOXING—WBA lightweight champion, ROBERTO DURAN scored a unanimous 180 over Marvin's Juan Medina in a non-title bout in Los Angeles.

CRICKET—BRIAN HASTINGS and RICHARD COLLINGS of New Zealand set a world record when they passed 1,000 in 100 wickets in the third test match against Pakistan at Auckland. They broke 11 runs the mark set by England's Reggie Roberts and Wilfred Rhodes 70 years ago at Sydney.

FOOTBALL—THE DRYDEN won the 52,000th first prize in the Jackie Robinson Trophy, National Amateur Club with a 2-1 in three days. Leader Frances Anderson scored short points on each of the last two halves (over 20).

HOCKEY—NHL: There continued to be no change in the East Division as Boston finally caught New York. The Bruins' second-place victory over the Rangers broke a 5-5 tie with the third goal to lead the Bruins to a 7-5 victory at Los Angeles, thus ending a standstill tie with the Rangers in 45 previous games. It was the fourth straight win for the Bruins, who had first place Montreal by one point. The Canadiens, meanwhile, held their lead, defeating Vancouver 7-3 as Gary Baffey broke open a close game with a pair of goals in the second period. The Rangers figured to have all their time at Oakland, since the Golden State team in the middle of a 19-game win-loss without a victory. But California ended its string with a 5-3 win at home, placing New York Islanders under an eight-game losing streak in the extreme of Detroit 4-0. In the West Division, the Bruins of Chicago won their first game in a record 129 regular-season games. Pittsburgh goalie Ray Burroughs held it as the Penguins won 5-0 on goals by Gene Polk and Jean Pronovost. Including playoffs, the Black Hawks had their first field hockey win in 100 years, the first National championship in March of 1970 in the hands of Boston.

WRESTLING—Philadelphus' Chene Lawson provided third-period barriers once again, scoring the win-

ning goal in the last two minutes as the Blazers beat Ottawa 6-5. In so doing, Lawson became the first player in the league to score 19 goals. Cleveland, two points ahead, and New England were in a battle for third place in the East Division while the Blazers held a one-point advantage over New York for third place. The Whalers won Alberta 4-2 and received assistance the next day from Chicago, which defeated the Canadiens 5-2, before 9,957, the largest crowd ever in Cleveland. Winnipeg retained its 10-point lead over Houston in the West.

HORSE RACING—KENNEDY ROAD 191:29, topped by a time of the 31-second, Crow adding, winning the \$1,150 San Antonio Stakes at Santa Anita (over 20).

CARTWHEEL 1:19.50, with Angel Cardon Jr. on, won the \$16,200 Hialeah Turf Cup, covering the 1½ miles in 1:27. It was the second straight year the 4-year old has won the event.

WINTER SPORTS—In his sixth consecutive victory at Richmond Raceway, RICHARD PETER won the 100th Waco Cup Grand National stock car race. Peter covered the 270 miles in 1:37.28, averaging 124 mph over the 3/4-mile track in a 1971 Dodge.

RAILING—A car-named Lurch, CASE ADE, won the 10th Southern Open Racing Conference's Lipton Cup race from Miami to Fort Lauderdale and back.

BRIDGE—Finland's TAUNO KATKO won a 70-minute full-round on his first team with a 200-87 air-race to win the 22nd Swedish Nordic, among competitors at Falun, Sweden. He had a total of 247.6 points on style and accuracy.

SPECIAL SQUAD—Pete Archer, ROSE STEARNS, and 515, led the Superstars event at Richmond, Va. (over 20).

SPEED SKATING—Defending champion ATIL KULIN, 19:11.4, won the Netherlands won the 1st Western World championships with a victory in the 1,000 meters and a second-place finish in the 1,000-meter race. SHIRLEY GILVIA of Denver won the 500-meter in 41.58 at the meet in Stockholm, Sweden.

SOCCER—VICTOR NICHOLSON, 19:11.4, won the U.S. National singles title for the second straight year and the third time by defeating Robert MacIntyre 11-7, 15-9, 15-11 at Princeton, N.J. New York beat Philadelphia 4-0 for the team championship.

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS won the \$50,000 USLA Indoor Open at Salisbury, Md., defeating 10-8, 7-6, 6-3, 6-4.

JAN KODER defeated Bruce Parker 6-1, 6-3, 6-1 to win a 1971 WCT tournament at Century Country. Mark Lutz and Lutz's husband took the doubles with a 3-6, 6-3 victory over top-seeded Marty Riessen and Tom Okker.

TRAIL & FIELD—TRACY SMITH and GEORGE WOODS set world indoor records in the National AAU meet at Madison Square Garden. Smith with a 11:07.2 in the three-mile and Woods with a 49' 9½" in the steeple.

Bulgaria's SVETLA ZLATEVA broke the women's world 800-meter indoor record with a 2:02.4 clocking at an international meet in Lyon, France.

BASEBALL—NAMED: An inaugural football coach at Colorado State, SARKIS ARBAZIAN, who had a 9-4 record at Weber State last season.

NAMED: An inaugural football coach at the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga, BILL MORRISON, who coached a 19-year career with the New York Giants.

NAMED: An operations director of the St. Louis Cardinals football team, BOB SULLIVAN, former assistant general manager of Washington.

RESIGNED: Basketball coaches SAM AUBREY of Oklahoma State and JOHN BAYER of the University of Nevada-Las Vegas, both effective at the end of the season.

NAMED: By the International Track Association, BOB HAMMON, whose 29-29½' long jump in the 1968 Olympics remains the world record.

OLG: Former pro football player LYNN HOVEM, 35, who played for Olaty and Philadelphia (1964-73), in a private surprise match, at Rittenhouse, Wash.

CHIEFS:
5—Jeffrey Cole, 14—Tommy Lee, 24—Martin Mills, 25—Walter Smith, 1—26—Barry & John, 10—27—28—29—30—31—32—33—34—35—36—37—38—39—40—41—42—43—44—45—46—47—48—49—50—51—52—53—54—55—56—57—58—59—60—61—62—63—64—65—66—67—68—69—70—71—72—73—74—75—76—77—78—79—80—81—82—83—84—85—86—87—88—89—90—91—92—93—94—95—96—97—98—99—100—101—102—103—104—105—106—107—108—109—110—111—112—113—114—115—116—117—118—119—120—121—122—123—124—125—126—127—128—129—130—131—132—133—134—135—136—137—138—139—140—141—142—143—144—145—146—147—148—149—150—151—152—153—154—155—156—157—158—159—160—161—162—163—164—165—166—167—168—169—170—171—172—173—174—175—176—177—178—179—180—181—182—183—184—185—186—187—188—189—190—191—192—193—194—195—196—197—198—199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206—207—208—209—210—211—212—213—214—215—216—217—218—219—220—221—222—223—224—225—226—227—228—229—230—231—232—233—234—235—236—237—238—239—240—241—242—243—244—245—246—247—248—249—250—251—252—253—254—255—256—257—258—259—260—261—262—263—264—265—266—267—268—269—270—271—272—273—274—275—276—277—278—279—280—281—282—283—284—285—286—287—288—289—290—291—292—293—294—295—296—297—298—299—300—301—302—303—304—305—306—307—308—309—310—311—312—313—314—315—316—317—318—319—320—321—322—323—324—325—326—327—328—329—330—331—332—333—334—335—336—337—338—339—340—341—342—343—344—345—346—347—348—349—350—351—352—353—354—355—356—357—358—359—360—361—362—363—364—365—366—367—368—369—370—371—372—373—374—375—376—377—378—379—380—381—382—383—384—385—386—387—388—389—390—391—392—393—394—395—396—397—398—399—400—401—402—403—404—405—406—407—408—409—410—411—412—413—414—415—416—417—418—419—420—421—422—423—424—425—426—427—428—429—430—431—432—433—434—435—436—437—438—439—440—441—442—443—444—445—446—447—448—449—450—451—452—453—454—455—456—457—458—459—460—461—462—463—464—465—466—467—468—469—470—471—472—473—474—475—476—477—478—479—480—481—482—483—484—485—486—487—488—489—490—491—492—493—494—495—496—497—498—499—500—501—502—503—504—505—506—507—508—509—510—511—512—513—514—515—516—517—518—519—520—521—522—523—524—525—526—527—528—529—530—531—532—533—534—535—536—537—538—539—540—541—542—543—544—545—546—547—548—549—550—551—552—553—554—555—556—557—558—559—560—561—562—563—564—565—566—567—568—569—570—571—572—573—574—575—576—577—578—579—580—581—582—583—584—585—586—587—588—589—590—591—592—593—594—595—596—597—598—599—600—601—602—603—604—605—606—607—608—609—610—611—612—613—614—615—616—617—618—619—620—621—622—623—624—625—626—627—628—629—630—631—632—633—634—635—636—637—638—639—640—641—642—643—644—645—646—647—648—649—650—651—652—653—654—655—656—657—658—659—660—661—662—663—664—665—666—667—668—669—670—671—672—673—674—675—676—677—678—679—680—681—682—683—684—685—686—687—688—689—690—691—692—693—694—695—696—697—698—699—700—701—702—703—704—705—706—707—708—709—710—711—712—713—714—715—716—717—718—719—720—721—722—723—724—725—726—727—728—729—730—731—732—733—734—735—736—737—738—739—740—741—742—743—744—745—746—747—748—749—750—751—752—753—754—755—756—757—758—759—760—761—762—763—764—765—766—767—768—769—770—771—772—773—774—775—776—777—778—779—780—781—782—783—784—785—786—787—788—789—790—791—792—793—794—795—796—797—798—799—800—801—802—803—804—805—806—807—808—809—810—811—812—813—814—815—816—817—818—819—820—821—822—823—824—825—826—827—828—829—830—831—832—833—834—835—836—837—838—839—840—841—842—843—844—845—846—847—848—849—850—851—852—853—854—855—856—857—858—859—860—861—862—863—864—865—866—867—868—869—870—871—872—873—874—875—876—877—878—879—880—881—882—883—884—885—886—887—888—889—890—891—892—893—894—895—896—897—898—899—900—901—902—903—904—905—906—907—908—909—910—911—912—913—914—915—916—917—918—919—920—921—922—923—924—925—926—927—928—929—930—931—932—933—934—935—936—937—938—939—940—941—942—943—944—945—946—947—948—949—950—951—952—953—954—955—956—957—958—959—960—961—962—963—964—965—966—967—968—969—970—971—972—973—974—975—976—977—978—979—980—981—982—983—984—985—986—987—988—989—990—991—992—993—994—995—996—997—998—999—1000—1001—1002—1003—1004—1005—1006—1007—1008—1009—1010—1011—1012—1013—1014—1015—1016—1017—1018—1019—1020—1021—1022—1023—1024—1025—1026—1027—1028—1029—1030—1031—1032—1033—1034—1035—1036—1037—1038—1039—1040—1041—1042—1043—1044—1045—1046—1047—1048—1049—1050—1051—1052—1053—1054—1055—1056—1057—1058—1059—1060—1061—1062—1063—1064—1065—1066—1067—1068—1069—1070—1071—1072—1073—1074—1075—1076—1077—1078—1079—1080—1081—1082—1083—1084—1085—1086—1087—1088—1089—1090—1091—1092—1093—1094—1095—1096—1097—1098—1099—1100—1101—1102—1103—1104—1105—1106—1107—1108—1109—1110—1111—1112—1113—1114—1115—1116—1117—1118—1119—1120—1121—1122—1123—1124—1125—1126—1127—1128—1129—1130—1131—1132—1133—1134—1135—1136—1137—1138—1139—1140—1141—1142—1143—1144—1145—1146—1147—1148—1149—1150—1151—1152—1153—1154—1155—1156—1157—1158—1159—1160—1161—1162—1163—1164—1165—1166—1167—1168—1169—1170—1171—1172—1173—1174—1175—1176—1177—1178—1179—1180—1181—1182—1183—1184—1185—1186—1187—1188—1189—1190—1191—1192—1193—1194—1195—1196—1197—1198—1199—1200—1201—1202—1203—1204—1205—1206—1207—1208—1209—1210—1211—1212—1213—1214—1215—1216—1217—1218—1219—1220—1221—1222—1223—1224—1225—1226—1227—1228—1229—1230—1231—1232—1233—1234—1235—1236—1237—1238—1239—1240—1241—1242—1243—1244—1245—1246—1247—1248—1249—1250—1251—1252—1253—1254—1255—1256—1257—1258—1259—1260—1261—1262—1263—1264—1265—1266—1267—1268—1269—1270—1271—1272—1273—1274—1275—1276—1277—1278—1279—1280—1281—1282—1283—1284—1285—1286—1287—1288—1289—1290—1291—1292—1293—1294—1295—1296—1297—1298—1299—1300—1301—1302—1303—1304—1305—1306—1307—1308—1309—1310—1311—1312—1313—1314—1315—1316—1317—1318—1319—1320—1321—1322—1323—1324—1325—1326—1327—1328—1329—1330—1331—1332—1333—1334—1335—1336—1337—1338—1339—1340—1341—1342—1343—1344—1345—1346—1347—1348—1349—1350—1351—1352—1353—1354—1355—1356—1357—1358—1359—1360—1361—1362—1363—1364—1365—1366—1367—1368—1369—1370—1371—1372—1373—1374—1375—1376—1377—1378—1379—1380—1381—1382—1383—1384—1385—1386—1387—1388—1389—1390—1391—1392—1393—1394—1395—1396—1397—1398—1399—1400—1401—1402—1403—1404—1405—1406—1407—1408—1409—1410—1411—1412—1413—1414—1415—1416—1417—1418—1419—1420—1421—1422—1423—1424—1425—1426—1427—1428—1429—1430—1431—1432—1433—1434—1435—1436—1437—1438—1439—1440—1441—1442—1443—1444—1445—1446—1447—1448—1449—1450—1451—1452—1453—1454—1455—1456—1457—1458—1459—1460—1461—1462—1463—1464—1465—1466—1467—1468—1469—1470—1471—1472—1473—1474—1475—1476—1477—1478—1479—1480—1481—1482—1483—1484—1485—1486—1487—1488—1489—1490—1491—1492—1493—1494—1495—1496—1497—1498—1499—1500—1501—1502—1503—1504—1505—1506—1507—1508—1509—1510—1511—1512—1513—1514—1515—1516—1517—1518—1519—1520—1521—1522—1523—1524—1525—1526—1527—1528—1529—1530—1531—1532—1533—1534—1535—1536—1537—1538—1539—1540—1541—1542—1543—1544—1545—1546—1547—1548—1549—1550—1551—1552—1553—1554—1555—1556—1557—1558—1559—1560—1561—1562—1563—1564—1565—1566—1567—1568—1569—1570—1571—1572—1573—1574—1575—1576—1577—1578—1579—1580—1581—1582—1583—1584—1585—1586—1587—1588—1589—1590—1591—1592—1593—1594—1595—1596—1597—1598—1599—1600—1601—1602—1603—1604—1605—1606—1607—1608—1609—1610—1611—1612—1613—1614—1615—1616—1617—1618—1619—1620—1621—1622—1623—1624—1625—1626—1627—1628—1629—1630—1631—1632—1633—1634—1635—1636—1637—1638—1639—1640—1641—1642—1643—1644—1645—1646—1647—1648—1649—1650—1651—1652—1653—1654—1655—1656—1657—1658—1659—1660—1661—1662—1663—1664—1665—1666—1667—1668—1669—1670—1671—1672—1673—1674—1675—1676—1677—1678—1679—1680—1681—1682—1683—1684—1685—1686—1687—1688—1689—1690—1691—1692—1693—1694—1695—1696—1697—1698—1699—1700—1701—1702—1703—1704—1705—1706—1707—1708—1709—1710—1711—1712—1713—1714—1715—1716—1717—1718—1719—1720—1721—1722—1723—1724—1725—1726—1727—1728—1729—1730—1731—1732—1733—1734—1735—1736—1737—1738—1739—1740—1741—1742—1743—1744—1745—1746—1747—1748—1749—1750—1751—1752—1753—1754—1755—1756—1757—1758—1759—1760—1761—1762—1763—1764—1765—1766—1767—1768—1769—1770—1771—1772—1773—1774—1775—1776—1777—1778—1779—1780—1781—1782—1783—1784—1785—1786—1787—1788—1789—1790—1791—1792—1793—1794—1795—1796—1797—1798—1799—1800—1801—1802—1803—1804—1805—1806—1807—1808—1809—1810—1811—1812—1813—1814—1815—1816—1817—1818—1819—1820—1821—1822—1823—1824—1825—1826—1827—1828—1829—1830—1831—1832—1833—1834—1835—1836—1837—1838—1839—1840—1841—1842—1843—1844—1845—1846—1847—1848—1849—1850—1851—1852—1853—1854—1855—1856—1857—1858—1859—1860—1861—1862—1863—1864—1865—1866—1867—1868—1869—1870—1871—1872—1873—1874—1875—1876—1877—1878—1879—1880—1881—1882—1883—1884—1885—1886—1887—1888—1889—1890—1891—1892—1893—1894—1895—1896—1897—1898—1899—1900—1901—1902—1903—1904—1905—1906—1907—1908—1909—1910—1911—1912—1913—1914—1915—1916—1917—1918—1919—1920—1921—1922—1923—1924—1925—1926—1927—1928—1929—1930—1931—1932—1933—1934—1935—1936—1937—1938—1939—1940—1941—1942—1943—1944—1945—1946—1947—1948—1949—1950—1951—1952—1953—1954—1955—1956—1957—1958—1959—1960—1961—1962—1963—1964—1965—1966—1967—1968—1969—1970—1971—1972—1973—1974—1975—1976—1977—1978—1979—1980—1981—1982—1983—1984—1985—1986—1987—1988—1989—1990—1991—1992—1993—1994—1995—1996—1997—1998—1999—2000—2001—2002—2003—2004—2005—2006—2007—2008—2009—2010—2011—2012—2013—2

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

JACK THE GIANT KILLER

Sirs:

A Heavy Comes to Light (Feb. 19) by John Underwood has to be one of the outstanding feature articles ever published in your magazine. It is certainly one of the greatest tributes ever to Jack Nicklaus.

I feel that many people who see this man in action do not realize how much sincerity and stamina he possesses. Though not a very good golfer myself, I enjoy watching the game for the sheer beauty contained within it and I marvel at those players such as Nicklaus who have total command over their power to bring their techniques to perfection.

But Jack Nicklaus is not just a pro golfer, as Underwood so masterfully points out. He is more. His dedication to his family, his friends, the public, his career and life itself is one of the best examples of human sincerity ever expressed. The Golden Bear is a beautiful human being.

STEVE KNOWLTON

Cincinnati

Sirs:

John Underwood is right. My father and I had the good fortune to meet and play tennis with Jack Nicklaus last September at his home in Florida, and he was every bit as nice as Underwood's article implies. I also got the impression from our tennis match that Nicklaus is the kind of athlete who, if he had decided to concentrate on tennis instead of golf, would surely be one of the top WCT pros today.

TURNER HOWARD III

Knoxville, Tenn.

Sirs:

How ironic that John Underwood's wonderful article should immediately follow the Bob Hope Desert Classic. Once again, in a renewal of past battles, the golfing world's two most prestigious players met in a classic head-to-head struggle. Arnold Palmer, displaying the charisma that made him the athlete of the decade, nudged golf's new-found hero for the title.

Thanks to Underwood for an inside look at Jack Nicklaus, but I hope that both of these great players will continue to captivate us with their classic matches for years to come.

RICHARD HOWARD

Dayton

Sirs:

I am a Palmer fan and always will be. But you have told it as it is. Jack is the greatest. Jack is the giant killer.

CLARK CREECH

Seattle

RELIGION LESSON

Sirs:

Congratulations on your excellent article on Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and the Milwaukee Bucks (*Center in a Storm*, Feb. 19). Peter Carey has revealed to everyone the truth about Kareem. The fact that he believes so strongly in his religion that he faces personal harm because of it exemplifies the kind of man he is. We here in Wisconsin realize the worth of this man. Thank you for showing the rest of the world.

STEVE GAVIN

Two SCHULER

Eau Claire, Wis.

Sirs:

I think Peter Carey's article was very poor. It is true the Bucks and especially Kareem Abdul-Jabbar have had their problems this year, but tragedies like the murder of the Muslims in Washington, D.C. belong in newspapers and not in *SI*. Besides, even if the Bucks solve their personal problems they are going to have bigger ones against the Los Angeles Lakers.

DAN OLSEN

Arcadia, Calif.

Sirs:

Center in a Storm was an excellent study of a misunderstood man and his religion. I had believed that all black men who changed their names were fanatical militants, and I despised them for it. Now I see that Abdul-Jabbar, Abdul-Rahman and others are doing more to shape a world of peace and love in one day than most of us have the courage to do in a lifetime. And to think that such a lesson in religion and life could be found in a sports magazine.

PHIL PINKERTON

Harrisburg, Pa.

A LIGHTER TOUCH

Sirs:

I very much enjoyed the article on the Bolus & Snopes entries in the 24 Hours of Daytona race (*Winnin' for the Robert E. Snopes*, Feb. 12). I first saw this team at Sebring in March 1972 and I watched it again this year at Daytona. I always wondered about the name, having thought it stood for the owners of the car. Thanks for setting me straight with an informative and amusing article. I expected a dull essay on the events of the race, but you chose a far more interesting approach.

It is a shame that not everyone can spend a day in the pits with Sam Scott and William Jeanes to share their antics and enthusiasm.

DORIS LAMM

St. Petersburg, Fla.

UNSMINKABLE HOPES

Sirs:

I wish to commend both Sports Illustrated and Dr. James Haines of Morehouse College for the efforts to encourage young black swimmers (*That Old Sinking Feeling*, Feb. 12). I was a member of a group of young black men from Washington, D.C. who took competitive swimming very seriously in the early 1950s. Except for one, who attended Springfield and got a taste of the big time, we all attended CIAA and SIAC schools ("the very small pond") and worked during the summers as swimming instructors.

I recall very vividly an evening in August of 1952 in Washington. After we had been officially registered as a club to participate in a regional AAU meet (one of our group could "piss"), we were confronted by red-faced AAU officials stating, "There must be some mistake. You 'boys' can participate in boxing and track but we haven't opened up swimming yet." A very traumatic, discouraging and frustrating experience, to say the least.

A few of us stayed around to watch the meet and, ironically, in three major single events and two relays members of our club had been timed consistently from two to five seconds faster than the winning times in that meet. So Doc, Freddie *et al.*, hang in. There is a black Mark Spitz out there somewhere.

FRANK B. JETER JR.

Peekskill, N.Y.

Sirs:

I was glad to see that Dr. Haines pointed out that the buoyancy-test results were "purely descriptive" and not "inferential." In spite of what the natural initial reaction might be, buoyancy really has little to do with swimming ability. Buoyancy's greatest ally is plain old fat. Along with additional fat, however, has got to come a reduction in cardiovascular efficiency. I'll take cardiovascular efficiency anytime.

From my years of swimming I recall numerous teammates who sank like rocks, particularly their legs. Among them were Richard Abrahams, a Big Ten champion, and Teddy Petras, who shattered the national high school 100-yard breaststroke record in 1961. If these names are not familiar enough there is Chet Jastrzebski, another heavier-than-water competitor.

By the way, in naming world-class black swimmers it is a shame that you left out the name of Nate Clark of Ohio State, one of the finer butterflyers of the early 1960s.

SAMUEL STEPHEN FIELDS

Silver Spring, Md.

Look out on the Track! It's Supersquire!

There was nothing mild-mannered about George Osbaldeston, and he came along 100 years before phone booths, but some of his feats would have turned Clark Kent green

by J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

While many men have striven to excel at riding faster, playing longer, shooting straighter, gambling higher, fighting harder and wenching more lustily, George Osbaldeston seems to have excelled most extravagantly. No one has been able to touch the record of this 19th-century superman they called, simply, the Squire.

A dapper, stocky figure not much over five feet tall, he took up any challenge. He once socked a brawny 6-foot guardman and broke two of his ribs. He put 10 pistol balls in the ace of diamonds at 20 yards, and stayed in the saddle 60 or 70 hours a week in order to fulfill his passion for fox hunting. He raced, gambled and mismanaged his way through £300,000 of inherited fortune, blaming his inattention to financial matters on his preoccupations with "hunting, racing, shooting, tennis, fowling, ladies, etc."

There was one particularly glorious day in 1831 when the Squire commanded even more attention than usual. Two years before, George Stephenson had won a prize with his clanking, smoke-belching locomotive contraption named "The Rocket," which hauled a coachload of passengers at an unimaginable 24 miles per hour. Suddenly, all England became speed-conscious. In a friendly talk with an old betting croup, Colonel Charmie, Osbaldeston suggested that a man on horseback could probably go just as fast, or very nearly. In fact, he said, he could do it easily if there were sufficient inducement—say, a thousand guineas. He and Charmie set up the conditions: the Squire would try to ride 200 miles in 10 hours for the 1,000 guineas plus whatever he could pick up in side bets.

Despite his age (43), the Squire went into hard training. He also began to lay his strategy. He had no intention of really racing a train. Instead he would stage the whole affair round a four-mile track at Newmarket, changing horses after

each circuit and riding the better horses several times during the day. Bets were eagerly laid over the whole country. Osbaldeston backed himself to the tune of 1,000 guineas. A few days before the event, Osbaldeston was approached by John Gully, ex-prizefighter and race-horse owner, who said that if the Squire could cover the distance in nine hours Gully could get him excellent odds against the feat: 10 to 1. It sounded good to the Squire, who promptly agreed. In the last weeks of training he rode 80 miles a day, every day, changing horses the same way he would for the event itself.

On the day of the endurance race, Nov. 5, 1831, a light rain was falling. The Squire's entourage for the occasion numbered in dozens: grooms, saddlers and men to hold, feed and water his 28 mounts. A few hardy spectators shivered in the cold drizzle. At 12 minutes past seven the Squire swung his 155 pounds into the lambskin-covered saddle of his first mount, Emma, and was off. By the time latecomers had filled the grandstand a couple of hours later, he had already covered 50 miles, and mounted and dismounted 13 times. Most men after riding 50 miles would stop to ease their muscles and refresh themselves; not the Squire, who impatiently leaped atop horse after horse while the rain steadily worsened. At the end of 31 rides and 124 miles, he came to the ground for the first spell in more than four hours of hard galloping. "I stopped for six minutes," he recalled, "during which time I ate and drank as much as I could; but the number of questions put to me by many of my friends, and even by some ladies, rather interfered with the repast."

Cutting short his meal, he left the chattering spectators and swung into the job once more. Even after such a grueling morning he was still capable of breaking his own speed record when he found a horse that could perform to his stan-

dards. He rode one of Gully's racehorses four times during the marathon, once covering the four miles in eight minutes, for an average speed of 30 mph.

The Squire kept up his fantastic performance through the afternoon; his last 25 miles consumed only two minutes more than his first 25. Then, aboard his 31st mount, came near-disaster: the horse was like Solomon, a beast of notorious temper. Without warning, like Solomon plunged off the track and headed for some low-growing trees on a nearby plantation. Faced with decapitation, the Squire threw himself off and let his mount crash through the undergrowth. Surprisingly, Osbaldeston had anticipated such an emergency, and stationed a couple of mounted men beside the course. One of them quickly caught the errant horse and the Squire lost only four minutes.

As his purple silk jacket, white deerskin breeches and black velvet cap hurtled round the course for the 20th, 30th and 40th times, his admiring audience grew in number. There was legitimate, organized racing on another Newmarket track that day, and from a certain ditch dividing the two courses spectators could enjoy watching a formal handicap race on one side and the Squire pounding relentlessly around on the other.

By three in the afternoon it was clear that Osbaldeston would, barring accidents, have little difficulty in performing his feat well within the time: when he dismounted creakily from his 50th and last four-mile circuit, the timekeepers noted down the astonishing time of eight hours and 42 minutes—an average of just under 24 mph, including stops and changes. In riding time alone, his seven hours 19 minutes and 34 seconds in the saddle brought an average of over 27 mph.

"I could have ridden 300 miles, I was not in the least fatigued at the end of the match," said the Squire, who next day said that only his knees and the

soles of his feet were sore. He galloped down the street toward the Rutland Arms in Newmarket, had a bath and a good rubdown with oil and announced that he was hungry. He joined a merry party of 10 for dinner. "We kept it up till two o'clock next morning."

The Squire, who later in life complained of being victimized, was badly taken in the Newmarket ride. Although he collected his 1,000 guineas from Colonel Charrise for his 200-mile run, he never got the thousands allegedly bet for him by Joe Bland, his commission man. Bland whimpered that he'd only managed to place £200—and then he defaulted on that. To recoup, the Squire two weeks later offered long odds—£20,000 to £6,000—that he could ride 200 miles in eight hours. No one took him up on it.

The manic urge to compete and excel—and to bet on his successes—stayed with George Osbaldeston all his 80 years. Let him take his inch-and-a-half-bore flintlock in his hand, and he is soon knocking down a hundred pheasants in as many shots. As the fastest cricket bowler in England, he saved an important match by bowling, dead drunk, with a broken shoulder. At one time he was Master of two separate packs of fox-hounds and any winter week when he failed to have six full days in the saddle was, to the Squire, a waste of time.

Other Osbaldeston amusements included a billiards match lasting 50 hours without sleep, and a game of tennis against the French champion J. Edmund Barre. Barre played with a regulation racket, while Osbaldeston played the ball with a gloved hand. He won.

Old age—if such a man could ever be called old—left him in comparative penury. He had to sell his Yorkshire estates to meet debts of £120,000. With the poor remains of his fortune he purchased a tiny annuity, which was wisely paid to his wife—he had plunged into matrimony for the first time at 65. Each day, the Squire's lady gave him a golden sovereign to meet his out-of-pocket expenses. It usually went on betting. "He never brought a farthing home," she reported. This tireless cocksparrow of a man once took a wager on a feat that, for him, must have been the most grueling of all. Someone in his London club bet him a sovereign that he couldn't sit in a chair for 24 hours without moving. As usual, the Squire won.

END

M4

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10TH HOLE continued

ADVENTURE (CONT.)

Sirs:

Thank you for a most enjoyable article by Beau Westover (Ball on the Wild Side, Jan. 29). Westover and Mark Stearns proved on their midwinter trek through the Wyoming wilderness that man can still overcome the forces of nature without the aid of many modern conveniences. I particularly appreciated the contrast the author showed between the beginning of his journey in the upper reaches of Yellowstone, where the American wilderness had not yet been scarred by man and machine, and the end, where civilization had taken over and marred the area around Grand Teton National Park.

RONALD J. ROLACHE
Iackawanna, N.Y.

Sirs:

We feel that your article was unfortunate, especially in that it described extremely poor cold-weather camping technique, and was essentially a complete compilation of the "don'ts" of winter mountaineering. This area of Montana and Wyoming can be and is traveled safely throughout the winter including January and February, when the weather is much more extreme and the parks far more beautiful and serene. Mark Stearns and Beau Westover ignored or broke nearly every basic rule of safety—not to mention comfort—and were lucky to survive. Those of your readers who are inspired to follow in their snowshoe steps should understand and avoid their serious mistakes.

Beau and Mark did, however, do justice to the peace and joy of winter in the mountains known so well to many of us.

THOMAS E. RICHSMERER, M.D.
A. JAMES ORSLED, O.D.
Poplar, Mont.

Sirs:

Fortunately for Beau Westover and Mark Stearns, a \$2 compass functioned in 27° below zero weather and good physical conditioning was a part of their regimen—otherwise a summer hiker would have discovered their partially decomposed bodies. Montana winters do not often release alive winter hikers who exhaust themselves, persevere until their long johns are wet and sackle blizzards on foot after dark.

ROBERT FULTON
Billings, Mont.

Sirs:

Beau Westover and Mark Stearns are to be commended for their consummate courage. Even more to the point, they are to be held in wonderment for their foolhardiness.

KEVIN B. BRAD
Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

Do you know if either the author or

his friend has access to a psychiatrist?
W. C. MCCLELLAN

Delavan, Wis.

Sirs:

Beau Westover's article pays tribute to John Colter, but only in name. This incredible yet shadowy figure in our frontier history has never attained the full recognition his activities so amply justify.

Colter walked into history on three separate occasions. He was probably in his late 20s when he joined the elite company of the Lewis and Clark expedition in 1803. As a scout and hunter, ranging the periphery of that exploratory group, he was the first white man to see the vast splendors of innumerable valleys, rivers and mountains. The Lewis and Clark journals chronicle his progress throughout the expedition's three years, but they are maddeningly deficient in yielding up personal background details on those in the history's party.

Colter remained on the upper reaches of the Missouri in 1806-07 when Lewis and Clark returned, perhaps trapping the Yellowstone River that he and Clark had explored that summer. The following spring he started down the Missouri alone, as Bernard DeVoto (*Cave of Exile*) says, "remembering deeds and adventures that would have enriched literature if there had been anyone there to write them down." Meeting a big trapping party moving upriver, Colter turned back to the wilderness yet again, and DeVoto says, "This time he marched into American legendry. Without companions, Colter made a journey so remarkable that it makes one's breath catch."

In the dead of winter, alone, with a 40-pound pack, snowshoes, a gun and ammunition, this man moved off the boundaries of all existing maps and into the unknown of some of America's most rugged wilderness, about which Westover writes. Colter's exact route is unknown, but he probably traveled a cautious course upward of 500 miles.

Colter bobbed to the surface of Western exploration and legend a third time. His capture by the Blackfeet in the Three Forks area of Montana in 1808, his subsequent naked run for life, his escape into the Jefferson River by hiding amongst driftwood or, more romantically, in a beaver lodge, have been the main basis for this most popular of all Indian escape stories.

In my time, at Fort Clinton near the Oregon coast, in the Grand Teton, on the lonely expanse of the Lamar River Valley in Yellowstone Park, at Three Forks, Mont., amidst the prickly pear and the "very troublesome mosquitoes" of Clark's journals, I have stood and thought of John Colter. He lacked only for literary documentation to take his rightful place in the forefront of American folk heroes. "Many brave men

continued

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

SECTION I: HOW TO BUY A CAR

SECTION II: FORD MOTOR COMPANY CARS

SECTION III: FORD MOTOR COMPANY TRUCKS

SECTION IV: FORD MOTOR COMPANY VANS

SECTION V: FORD MOTOR COMPANY SUVs

SECTION VI: FORD MOTOR COMPANY FINANCING

SECTION VII: FORD MOTOR COMPANY MAINTENANCE

SECTION VIII: FORD MOTOR COMPANY WARRANTIES

SECTION IX: FORD MOTOR COMPANY DEALERS

SECTION X: FORD MOTOR COMPANY SPECIALS

SECTION XI: FORD MOTOR COMPANY ACCESSORIES

SECTION XII: FORD MOTOR COMPANY SERVICE

SECTION XIII: FORD MOTOR COMPANY PARTS

SECTION XIV: FORD MOTOR COMPANY RECALLS

SECTION XV: FORD MOTOR COMPANY NEWS

SECTION XVI: FORD MOTOR COMPANY CONTACTS

SECTION XVII: FORD MOTOR COMPANY HISTORY

SECTION XVIII: FORD MOTOR COMPANY FUTURE

SECTION XIX: FORD MOTOR COMPANY LEGACY

SECTION XX: FORD MOTOR COMPANY LEGEND

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16TH HOLE *continued*

lived before Agamemnon. . . ." But Coler is first in line to answer the challenge. "Bring me men to match my mountains!" His spirit is embodied in Kipling's *The Explorer*, "Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges. . . ." And in my own thoughts, I borrow from Stephen Vincent Benét, when John Colter passes in the night, "the phantom deer arise, and all lost, wild America is burning in their eyes."

AARON B. STEVENS, M.D.

Cambridge, N.Y.

SPORTSMAN GORMAN

Sirs:

Bliss tennis star Tom Gorman (Sports Illustrated, Jan. 29) At a time when sport has deteriorated to the point where amateurs can't turn down the big buck to remain amateurs, and professionals are straining their own sports with demands for outrageous salaries, Mr. Gorman deserves praise for his altruistic sacrifice of a possible \$5,000 in second-place prize money for the sake of his opponents, the fans and the game. He heads my list for Sportsman of the Year.

Doc L. Cusim

FPO San Francisco

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Sirs:

Your editorial comments about the metric system ("A Matter of Meters," Sports Illustrated, Jan. 29) and the linguistic "ring" of a "four-footer" as opposed to that of a "1 22-meter putt" appear to be based in favor of the retention of the outmoded English system.

This is really a shameful attitude for what I consider to be an otherwise progressive magazine. In view of the fact that we are increasing the use of the metric system everywhere (e.g., food labels), your reluctance to consider the merits of a 120-centimeter putt is, at best, an ostrichlike attitude. Hopefully, this attitude will change.

The Marin Golf Club is to be congratulated.

W. STEUART HORN

Fresno, Calif.

Sirs:

So a 1 22-meter putt doesn't have the ring of a four-footer. Does "first down and 9 144 to go" bother you, too? Console yourself with the idea that if Europeans had to change to our method, their 1,500-meter run would become the 1,640 4-yard run and an easy one-meter putt would become a "3 28 footer." Sigh.

GARY BLAKESLEE

Fremont, Calif.

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